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THE CHICAGO LEDGER

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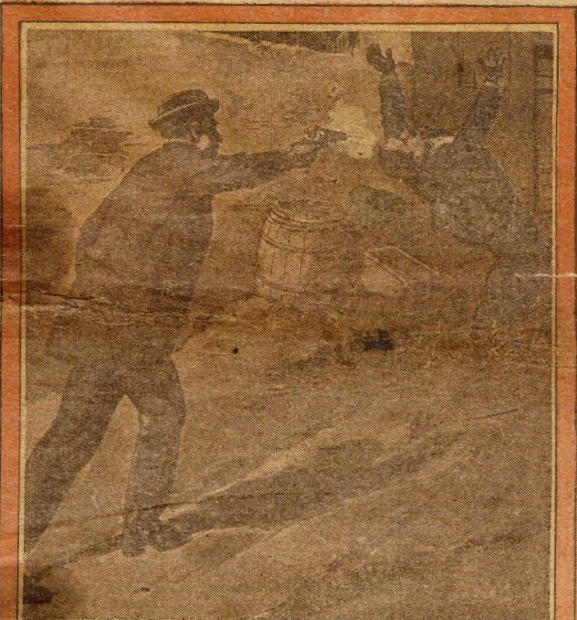
David Grant's Sacrifice;

A TALE OF HUMAN PAWNS

By Mason Ray



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CHAPTER I.

WITHIN the electric-lighted room of an office building in Detroit's busy downtown section two young men stood by a paper-littered roll-top desk. David Grant, of the law firm of Grant & Brackway, had just risen from his rotary chair; his left hand still grasped a page of typed copy.

Facing him, wild-eyed, disheveled, mud-splashed stood Herbert Brackway, his business associate and the son of Grant's foster parents.

"State the bare facts," ordered Grant. "Speak quickly!"

"I owed gambling debts," resumed Herbert. His voice shook with excitement. "Borlich held my notes."

"For what amount?" Grant demanded, intent on detail.

"Two thousand," confessed Herbert. "These notes were over due. Borlich threatened to expose me to my father unless I paid; he declared he'd ruin me. I promised to raise the cash not knowing where it was to be secured. I was desperate; the truth would destroy me socially and financially. I told him to meet me tonight at 10:30 in Pienta alley."

"Why was this spot chosen?" Grant interrupted.

"It is isolated; I would not meet acquaintances on the way. Besides I preferred not to visit the gambling haunt with what coin I could raise. I might be tempted to hazard the entire sum——"

"I understand; get on with the rest," urged his partner.

"When I entered the lane," Herbert continued with voice trembling, "I saw what I supposed was Borlich waiting. His back was toward me. He seemed to expect me from the opposite direction. The sight of the man who had hounded me to despair, who held my future in his hands suddenly drove me mad. I clutched a revolver I carried to defend the little that I had raised by the sale of my horse, my watch and a ring. The accident of possessing the firearm led to my insane act. David, David, I was, for the moment, irresponsible. I swear it. The temptation overcame me. I—" his words died in his throat. Terror acted like paralysis.

"Shot your enemy," Grant finished quietly. "Sought to cure evil with crime."

"Yes," gasped Herbert and covered his ghastly face with his trembling hands. Powerless, with knees shaking he sank into a chair and buried his white face in the hollow of his arm as if to shut the late scene from his mental sight.

"Come, hasten your account," urged his partner. "What we do for your sa[illegible] must be done at once. I must know [illegible] details in order to act."

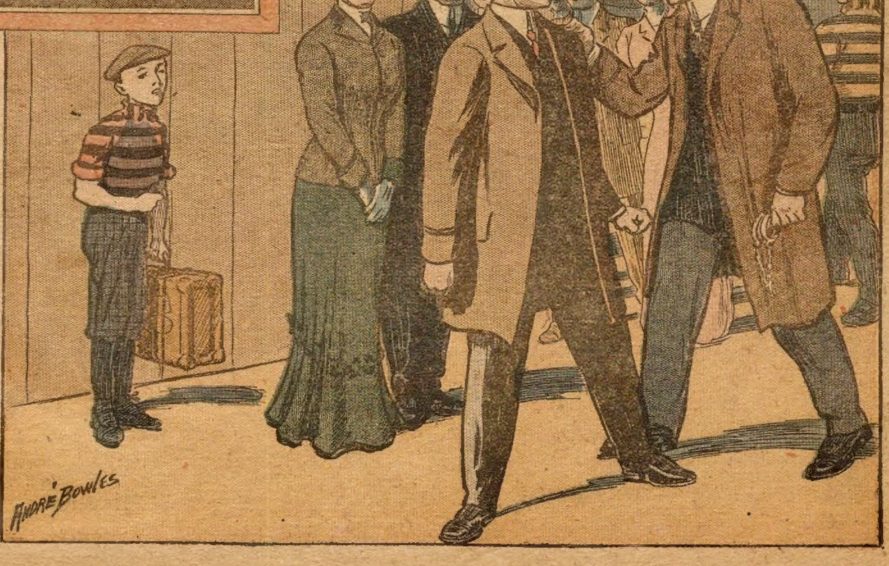
"The man cried out then fell with a sickening thud," Herbert resumed. "David, his voice was strange. I'd never before heard it. Sick to death I struck a match and held it near his face and, my God, David, I found that I had murdered a man unknown to me!"

"Describe him," ordered Grant.

"He seemed of the laboring class—ill-dressed, an old cap, overalls, sandy beard and gray eyes that glared at me yet as they appeared to be glazing over in death. Fright sent me flying from the cursed spot."

"Where was Borlich?" interposed Grant.

"I saw nothing of him," Herbert as-



sured his questioner. "But the policeman patrolling Fourth street heard the shot and dashed around the corner. He discovered the wounded man. In a moment he was after me and running like the wind. He caught up, flashed his electric torch in my face and grabbed for my revolver. I held him off, side-stepped, then dashed back to Fourth street between the high board walls of the lane."

"And the man," questioned Grant, "was he dead?"

"I caught but a gl' ipse of him by the light of the policeman's oncoming torch. His eyes were closed; he was huddled in a limp pile. Doubtless the poor wretch is done for. The sight, however, nerved me to increased speed. I ran straight instead of zigzagging from the cop's bullets. One whistled past my head. I don't think he shot to kill. He wanted to frighten me into submitting to arrest. Then a trick gave me unexpected advantage; I boarded a trolley on Grand avenue, rode a block, then jumped from the front end of the moving car and raced here."

"Where you knew I was working on the Bonnell and Kerrick brief," finished Grant with an angry glance at his partner. "Did the conductor of the trolley suspect you were a fugitive?" he questioned.

"They must have thought my act the escapade of a half drunk student," Herbert declared. "Then, when I ran in here, the street was deserted. This drizzling rain has cleared the sidewalks of people who are usually out late. No one saw me enter but Linkfield, the patrol on this beat."

"Then," cried Grant, "you are virtually under arrest. Don't you see? The man on Fourth avenue patrol will notify headquarters; he'll send in your description and order an ambulance at the same time. In a few minutes every man in the city service will be on the watch; but Linkfield will already know that the man described, at the hour and near the vicinity of the chase, entered this building. He knows us both by sight. His [illegible] is as simple as the adding of [illegible] and two."

The hunted man listened with terror-filled eyes to Grant's stern logic. "David, help me," he implored. "Think what this will mean to mother, to Sadie, to my father, the judge. I can't face the horror of a trial. Help me to escape. There must be some way out. There must!"

The young man raised his dark eyes to the thoughtful face of the friend who had before this stood between him and the result of his follies. As he awaited Grant's decision a bystander would have noted a striking similarity in the general appearance of the partners. Both were above average height, were athletic in build, were handsome with the manly beauty of crisp, brown hair that swept away from high foreheads, refined, clean shaven faces and large dark eyes.

Here the likeness ended. Grant's strong features and level gaze indicated even poise, depths of character. His manner was eloquent of self-repression, grasp of situation; his personality possessed magnetic quality, inspired confidence. His very clothing emphasized these traits, being of stone gray, simple of make and without the adornment of scarf pin or watch fob. In every sense he was the clear-headed, keen-eyed man of law.

Brackway, his foster brother, was, by contrast, weak, care free, boyishly friendly. An only son with every advantage yet he had taken all and returned nothing. During their four years at college Grant's understudy of Herbert's tasks had eased the latter's way through the law course. Later the adopted son's energy built up a valuable practice despite Herbert's worthless participation. Grant finally ceased to expect assistance. Instead he continued to help his thoughtless, excitement-craving partner out of difficulties due to cards and drink. Desire to shield the Brackway family from worry induced Grant to keep from them full knowledge of the son's failings. He had hoped the years would bring Herbert to the end of his crop of wild oats. Now he stood aghast at the fearful harvest.

"You've been a selfish coward," he said at last. "Regard for your family name and your parents' peace of mind has come too late. You have, according to your statement, reached the climax of criminal possibility. You are a murderer. I, too, have been to blame in concealing your indiscretions from your father. Since I have done so much it rests with me to finish. Tonight I'll give you a last chance. You shall have one more opportunity to make of yourself the man your father intended you to be."

"David, I've been a fool, but I never meant——"

"What I am about to do," continued Grant not heeding the interruption, "is in part payment for the debt of gratitude I owe your father who rescued me from the street and gave me an equal chance in life with you, his son. Even more shall I befriend you for the sake of your mother who made me forget my orphaned condition. Neither can I allow your sister to be shamed by your disgrace. Don't interrupt," he ordered as the other would have spoken. "I must talk and work quickly. And if I succeed in what I have decided to do you must obey me without question.

"Listen: we are alike in appearance and age. Tonight you wear a conspicuous suit of brown check—a suit easily noted—and the clothing is wet from the rain and splashed with mud. I intend to assume your garments and the consequence of your act. The police will identify the clothing and overlook the slight difference in our features. Your hat was pulled low; you were running and, at night, the light——"

"My God, David, I can't let you do that!" burst from the wretch cowering in the big leather chair. "Remember the crime is murder. The man was dead or dying."

But Grant paid no heed. He was methodically gathering together cash from the safe, a few photographs. He placed the sheets of his brief in a pigeon hole of the desk. His check book was produced and the balance to his credit was made over to his partner.

"Cash this," he commanded, "and pay Borlich. Let that end your gambling. Swear that you'll never again meddle with cards. By all that's holy swear it!"

"I swear it on my soul!" cried Herbert hoarsely. "But, David, you shall not sacrifice yourself! Do you hear? Think of your future. I'm not worth it."

"Of that I'm well aware," Grant said bitterly. "But I'm determined to save your relatives the disgrace of your trial for murder. For this reason swear that you won't weaken in the part you're to play. As for me the city papers will recall that I was a gutter rat. They will point out that the end was consistent and to be expected."

The stronger will prevailed. Herbert, frightened into submission, bewildered by the night's events, was forced to change garments with his partner. Grant, himself, stripped the trembling, unnerved outlaw. Even the mud-caked shoes replaced the young lawyer's tan oxfords. One item only of Grant's former apparel was retained; this was a belt of split leather designed to deceive the uninitiated. Into the space between the covers he carefully slipped several hundred dollar bills besides the cash he found in Herbert's clothes. The act was barely completed and the article buckled about his waist when he heard below the sound of a motor stopping with a low whir and voices of men speaking in guarded tones. Only an ear strained for the expected arrival would have detected either.

"Quick," he order, "you must get out of this. We've been to long—Keeney's office—left his key with me. Come!"

He half lifted Herbert from where he cowered with face hidden in his hands. Protesting, the criminal was dragged down the hall lined by doors with names etched on glass.

"David, David, I'm a scoundrel to accept this sacrifice! It may mean your ruin—life-long imprisonment!"

"Never mind my ruin," Grant whispered harshly. "I don't intend to be ruined. I shall escape. But mind this: you must go home after a bit and be able to say you slept in your room—an alibi. Then keep on here in our office. Win the Bonnell and Kerrick case by use of my notes. It will give you a start. After that work—work day and night to succeed. Your success shall be my reward for compounding this felony. Above all forget this night's happenings; keep a still tongue. Promise!"

Steps could be heard mounting the wide stairs. Elevators were not running. The police were obliged to take the slower way.

"I swear all you ask," groaned Herbert. "I'll lead a decent life. I'll——"

But Grant had thrust him into Keeney's office where he fell half fainting, and the door was closed. For a time the semi-swoon became utter unconsciousness and when the cold air revived him he was alone. No sound broke the midnight silence.

Barely within his own room Grant had faced two helmeted officers.

"There's your man, Judson," Linkfield triumphantly announced. "I knew 'twas him soon's I heard from headquarters."

"In the name of the law," pronounced the deep voice of Judson and the next moment Grant stood manacled.

"If you're certain the law wants me," the lawyer said evenly, "I'm ready."

"You're a cool one," decided Judson, "besides being a first-class sprinter. Ain't any pair anywhere in the city would cast the image you make. You're the alley chap natural's life—brown check, wet with mist, shoes with fresh mud and, if that ain't 'nough, here's the brown felt soaked with drizzle."

The officer, at the word, picked up Herbert's fallen hat and set it firmly on his prisoner's head.

"Now, Jim, find the gun."

Linkfield, broad of shoulders and ponderous with good living, obediently and skillfully went through the pockets of the clothing Grant had so recently assumed.

"Five-seventy-five in small bills and coin, pictures of his folks and here's his artillery," the officer enumerated as he handed the stuff to Judson.

"I should think," Judson remarked, "that a lawyer 'ud know enough to pop his gun down a sewer. And here he's kept it for a souvenir!"

"Anyway," commented Linkfield, "he's wise to the value of locked teeth. This here is the most peaceable arrest I ever see except a dead drunk."

Grant's lowered gaze as the three descended the stairs told them nothing of his thoughts. In reality his eyes were alert for an opening to escape and his mind revolved the effect of the evidence he had purposely allowed the officers to collect. Every detail was studied, every effect was intended. His trained intellect focused on a new problem. This problem was complex. He was, at once, attempting to prove his guilt and rid himself of the consequence by incriminating flight. With sharpened observation he inspected his guards. Linkfield, at his left, was almost obese with indulgence of appetite and light occupation; Judson, while lean and wiry, lacked the points of a swift and enduring runner as Herbert had proved. Added to this he was drained of a certain amount of energy by his former chase. As the three reached the street, glistening with autumn mist, the man in charge of the motor-patrol showed himself to be eliminated from the question. He was absorbed in attending to his machine. He looked neither to right or left; what was given him in the way of criminal passengers concerned him not at all.

"Hit out lively, George," ordered Judson as the officers followed and preceded the prisoner into the closed van.

"Where are we going?" Grant asked. He noted that they moved in an opposite direction to the nearest police station.

"To the hospital where the man you shot is to identify you," Judson obligingly explained.

"Then he isn't dead?" Grant questioned.

"Not yet," Judson said with significance.

"Who is he?" queried his supposed assailant.

Judson turned astonished blue eyes on his prisoner.

"If you don't know who you used for a target," he argued reasonably, "how'm I to know?"

The officers thought their charge was putting up a cheap bluff and trying to manufacture extenuating evidence. They had been replaced on their beats to act as witnesses. It was no part of their duty to answer questions. Judson, therefore, froze into silence.

Grant's watchful eyes caught glimpses of flying streets under the drip of trees and public buildings lighted by the regular glare of incandescents. Then the wide thoroughfare showed signs of becoming suburban when they slowed up before the light-flooded entrance of a charity hospital. The building had once been a private residence, was commodious, even elegant and set in a royal grove of maple and oak.

Dr. Halbert, the lean-visaged, quick-moving interne, met them at the door.

"This way," he directed. "You're none too soon."

In a side room on a white cot lay the man Herbert Brackway had shot. Grant gazed with curious interest at the villainous face, ash-white, flattened nostrils, deep-set gray eyes, brick red beard, and all framed by dun-colored hair.

The red-rimmed gray eyes were pain-racked as they stared back from the ghastly countenance at the prisoner.

"He's de feller," decided the wounded man in a voice of hoarse weakness. "I'd know him by de rig-out. He up an' shoots me w'en I ain't lookin', w'en I'm goin' home peaceful after a glass o' beer at Kriser's. Say," addressing Grant directly, "what did you go to do it for? What I done to you dat you take a pot-shot at my back?"

"Nothing," Grant assued him. "I never saw you before. It was a mistake."

"You ain't no right to go round making them kind o' blunders," the man complained bitterly.

Dr. Halbert hastened to take down the dying man's statement who commenced by naming himself Mike Lanigan; he declared that he was a bricklayer out of employment; without hesitation, he denounced Grant as his assailant. At the close he declined to give his residence. He felt certain that his death would not occur before daylight and he'd not permit his wife to be alarmed during the night. In vain the interne promise not to notify Mrs. Lanigan until morning but the sick man was obdurate. Two witnessing nurses signed the written accusation below Lanigan's mark. Then the prisoner and his guards withdrew.

"What is Lanigan's chance of life?" Grant questioned of the interne as they were retracing their way to the front door.

"None whatever," the doctor assured him. "He is doomed because of hemorrhage. We can't find the bullet. It has torn the lung tissue and is deeply imbedded. He may live till daybreak."

Dr. Halbert had answered the prisoner's question that the murderer might harbor no false hope. Grant's cool, upright bearing puzzled him. He supposed that a cold-blooded assassin would appear vastly different.

During the remaining seconds required to pass down the wide hall Grant reviewed his situation. With the rapidity of flashlight he saw himself locked in a cell, saw the disappointed faces of his foster father, mother and sister. He, in imagination, witnessed the inevitable and galling court scene during his trial. Above all, he feared that Judge Brackway would furnish bail. In that case honor would demand that he refrain from escape. His adopted father must not forfeit the sum required as surety. What he did toward regaining liberty must be done at once.

Linkfield and Grant has descended the hospital steps. Their feet slapped on the wet pavement. The mist had developed into steady rain and the night was black with a darkness that the electric light scarce penetrated. Judson paused an instant with face averted to address the doctor.

"Yes," he said to the interne, "notify headquarters as soon as Lanigan dies. We have a man at the 'phone day and—"

But at that moment Grant, by a trick of foot learned when wrestling, had tripped Linkfield and darted into the night. The element of complete surprise had given an advantage. Linkfield, impelled by a vicious lunge of the manacled hands and the foot-twist, had dropped to the slippery cement walk with a crash. Judson, equally astonished, had involuntarily glanced down at the prostrate and profane officer before taking aim at the fleeing prisoner. That fraction of a second allowed Grant to gain the corner of the building. The pursuing shots took chips of stone from the edifice. When Judson reached the corner Grant was bounding through the grove of oak at the rear. The driver of the patrol saw nothing. His back had been turned to the direction of flight. Linkfield, bruised and still swearing, scrambled to his feet and followed Judson after shouting to the driver to keep near their course.

Grant, impeded by the manacles that bound his hands together in front of him, dashed through the small grove then ran across a series of well kept lawns belonging to wealthy residents. The streets were deserted because of the lateness of the hour and the rain. He sprang over choice shrubbery, low hedges, ornaments of stone. Running with the long stride learned in his gymnasium practice, he kept ease of lung and alertness of mind. In the distance he descried the oncoming headlights of the patrol. The police had made nice calculations upon his line of direction. Instantly he dashed to the back of the next dwelling. A high wall hemmed him in and a dog commenced to proclaim his presence. The last danger, in reality, saved him. At the side of the wall was the cur's kennel. Mounting this Grant easily vaulted the wall and dropped into the alley beyond.

With the celerity of an athlete and

Doctor's Best Formula

Breaks Severest Cold in a Day and Cures Any Curable Cough.

This has been published here for several winters and has proven the quickest and most reliable formula obtainable for coughs and colds. "Get two ounces of Glycerine and half an ounce of Concentrated Pine compound. Then get half a pint of good whiskey and put the other two ingredients into it. Shake it well and take one to two teaspoonfuls after each meal and at bed time. Smaller doses to children according to age. Be sure to get only the genuine (Globe) Concentrated Pine. Each half ounce bottle comes in a sealed tin screw-top case. Any druggist has it on hand or will quickly get it from his wholesale house. Any one can mix it. Don't experiment with preparations because of cheapness. It don't pay to fool with a bad cold.

HONEST CONFESSION

A Doctor's Talk on Food.

There are no fairer set of men on earth than the doctors, and when they find they have been in error they are usually apt to make honest and manly admission of the fact.

A case in point is that of a practitioner, one of the good old school, who lives in Texas. His plain, unvarnished tale needs no dressing up:

"I had always had an intense prejudice, which I can now see was unwarrantable and unreasonable, against all muchly advertised foods. Hence, I never read a line of the many 'ads' of Grape-Nuts, nor tested the food till last winter.

While in Corpus Christi for my health, and visiting my youngest son, who has four of ruddiest, healthiest little boys I ever saw, I ate my first dish of Grape-Nuts food for supper with my little grandsons.

"I became exceedingly fond of it and have eaten a package of it every week since, and find it a delicious, refreshing and strengthening food, leaving no ill effects whatever, causing no eructations (with which I was formerly much troubled), no sense of fullness, nausea, nor distress of stomach in any way.

"There is no other food that agrees with me so well, or sits as lightly or pleasantly upon my stomach as this does.

"I am stronger and more active since I began the use of Grape-Nuts than I have been for 10 years, and am no longer troubled with nausea and indigestion." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

"There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

the cunning of a fox the fugitive now threaded alley after alley only taking to the lighted streets when forced to change his course. He intended to gain the depot and hide on some outgoing freight. The close pursuit of the prison officials made this plan impractical. His manacled condition was a fearful handicap. Many times he was forced to circle because of encountering walls he could not climb. Frequently he fell prostrate for lack of the hand that should go out to guard and balance. Once he was forced to make a detour to avoid a policeman patrolling his beat. Once he passed a pair of tipsy roisterers homeward bound.

Presently he became aware that he had gained the questionable security of the lane Herbert named as the place of the tragedy. His safety up to that moment was due to the advantage the hunted has over the hunter. He knew his line of flight while the pursuers were guessing the course. Tracking game by daylight in the forest with dogs was child's play to this man hunt at night among a wilderness of buildings.

But Judson's blood and pride were up. He particularly disliked to report his loss. Vengefully he threaded streets and alleys. At the moment Grant entered the lane where Lanigan was shot Judson, with electric torch, searched the passage. He had a theory that the fugitive would circle like a man lost in a forest until he ended at the scene of his crime.

Grant, turning, spied the torch approaching. Before him, at the end of the lane was Grand avenue's well lighted thoroughfare, its police and late pedestrians. He had walked into a trap. On each side were high board walls. Padlocked doors guarded the enclosed yards at the rear of dwellings. With groping hands he tried door after door. With the strength of desperation he lunged against them hoping to force a passage. The zigzagging torch light came relentlessly on. Again he surged his weight against the last possible alley door. Instantly it opened and he staggered inside with a lurch. Immediately it closed and a shadowy form locked it behind him as the police passed by.

CHAPTER II.

"You'll get nabbed yet," hissed a woman's voice. "Got the black jewelry on, ain't ye?" she added derisively as she made this discovery. "An' I hadn't watched an extra hour for your coming the cops might a-kept you an' welcome. You might a-gone where board's cheap, now mightn't you, you fool?"

Grant was too breathless and exhausted to stem the tide of the woman's uncomplimentary speech. Relief at escape and a saving sense of humor impelled him to laughter. Evidently he had no monopoly, that night, on fool's errands. To this fact he obviously owed his present safety. He followed the dimly outlined form of the woman across a narrow yard, up three steps of a porch and into a dark room. His unintentional deliverer then closed and bolted the door.

"Why don't you speak?" she asked irritably.

"If you'll strike a light you'll see that I'm not the one you expect," Grant informed her. "But, nevertheless, I hope you'll assist me to evade the police."

"Great, Scott!" cried the woman. "What's this?"

Astonished, she groped for matches and while she hurriedly applied a blaze to a small lamp Grant was thinking:

"This is the third case, tonight, of mistaken identity. Lanigan was assaulted for Bovich; I was accepted by the police for Herbert, and now I'm delivered from the officers in lieu of some criminal. Doubtless this is the rendezvous of yeggsmen and this woman is the night guard."

The dim light showed Grant that he was in a large room furnished as a kitchen. Standing back of the table that bore the lamp and with the blaze foreshortening her dark face, the woman stood inspecting her caller from sharp, black eyes.

"You're in the swell line—green goods and forged checks," he guessed, and her visitor's self-esteem lessened. "What luck?" she asked with greedy interest.

"Sufficient," Grant assured her diplomatically, "to pay liberally for a night's lodging, for having these irons removed and for clothing not known to the police."

"There's no use your asking my name or me inquiring yourn," the woman said introductorily, "but you know I'm called Mrs. Gorham and as for you——"

"William Douglas," Grant responded with a promptness at adopting an alias that astonished himself.

"Well, William Douglas," his rescuer remarked, "for a stranger you landed pretty nigh the right spot. And only that them government souvenirs is the sign of your being the real article I'd turn you out. As it is, I don't see no reason why I shouldn't take the wristlets off or you wouldn't have 'em on."

Having argued herself into performing the act, Mrs. Gorham produced a file with surprising promptness. It seemed to be as handily placed as her carving knife or coffee pot.

"Look here," she exclaimed as she selected an especial spot on the thin steel band and, with his arms outstretched on the table, commenced work, "your hands ought a-be worth a fortune! See, they most slide out of them hoops. You can turn your thumb in under so, and the bunch o' knuckles ain't much bigger 'en the wrist. If you ever git in a tight place I believe you could squeeze out—shed your handcuffs."

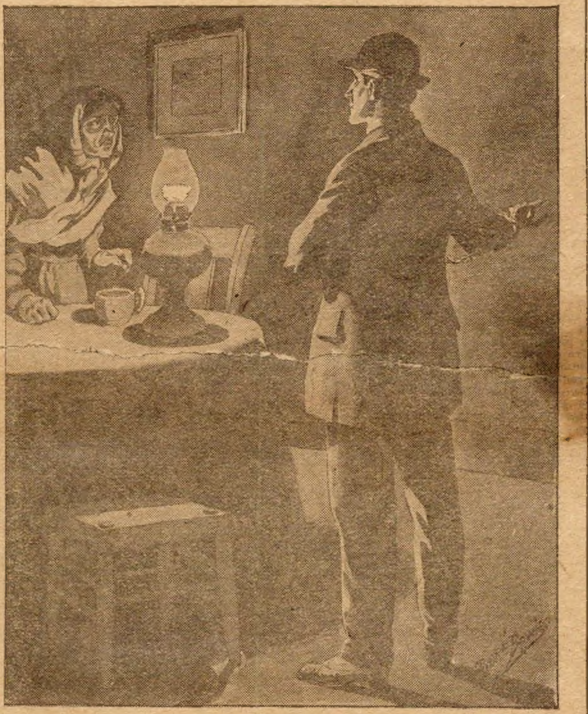
Grant stored the idea away in his memory. As he had become an outlaw slipping out of steel hoops and trouble might be correlative. He pondered this possibility while Mrs. Gorham freed one hand. She seemed past master of the art. In an incredibly short time the second bracelet with its four or five inches of connecting chain lay on the table beside the first.

"Now," Mrs. Gorham suggested, "I reckon you'd like to get some sleep."

She conducted him toward the front of the house and up a stairs to a comfortably furnished sleeping room. This apartment, she explained, was arranged with a system of alarms. If danger threatened she could ring these at different places in her lower rooms without a police officer being the wiser. It was, in truth, a burglar alarm intended to notify Mrs. Gorham's guests of invading police.

Having regained the kitchen, Mrs. Gorham seated herself in a low chair and resumed her interrupted vigil. Her bead-like eyes wandered from point to point. She seemed always to listen. After an hour or so she removed her shoes and stood, gaunt and lithe, in her stocking feet.

Softly she reascended the stairs, paused outside her guest's door a moment, then touched a spring. Immediately the frame with its locked door swung silently open. She stepped within, found Grant's discarded clothing and searched the pockets and lining for cash. Finding nothing she extended her examination to every part of the room. The man's heavy breathing encouraged her to slip a daring hand beneath the pillow. Failing at every point she thoughtfully passed out, closed the frame and locked door to place, then returned to her seat by the dim light. After a time she enveloped herself in a huge shawl and settled to slumber on a couch.



"You're in the swell line?"

When Grant entered the kitchen the following morning his hostess eyed him with disgust. She had, however, prepared a meal of bacon, bread and cakes from a bakery and coffee. To the fugitive the last seemed ambrosia. The hot stimulating drink revived his jaded spirit. He ate heartily. After the meal he placed several greenbacks on the table.

"Purchase the articles in this list," he directed, placing a penciled slip with the cash. "And keep the change."

Mrs. Gorham stared at the bills. Evidently there was some spot in her guest's room she had overlooked. But where?

"The things 'll be bought where there's no questions asked," she informed him. "I'll have them by noon."

During the interminable hours of that day Grant was face to face with the horror of a wasted youth and a self-imposed exile. Reminiscent reflection flooded his mind beyond control. As a drowning man is said to review his past life so this man who had chosen social death recalled every incident of his career.

His earliest, dream-like memory was of spacious rooms and kindly faces. More clearly he retained scenes of life in a Gipsy camp. To his mind came dark swarthy faces, rude quarters and fare and many flittings from place to place. The roving vagabonds had then given or sold him to a family in the middle West with migratory instinct. They shifted from point to point until Grant had arrived at the mature age—for a vagabond—of ten years. When this family finally drifted to Michigan's metropolis the boy broke away from the abuse heaped upon him, sold dailies and herded with similar outcasts.

A juvenile scrape brought him before Judge Brackway, then a municipal court magistrate. The judge, being moved to compassion by the friendless condition of the lad, who was the age of his son and similiar in appearance, placed the urchin in his own home while deciding what to be done for his welfare.

Mrs. Brackway, a chronic invalid whose health was ever a matter of anxiety, ended the judge's perplexity by insisting upon the lad's adoption. So urgent was she that her request was granted. From that hour David shared every advantage given to Herbert. At his own desire he was reluctantly allowed to retain the name of the now vanished family he accompanied from the West.

Fair haired, winsome Sadie Brackway loved both her natural and foster brothers devotedly, but her sharp eyes speedily detected the weakness of Herbert's character contrasted with David's sterling qualities. She learned to depend on the adopted member of the family for favors that required self-sacrifice. Herbert was her genial companion, but David was ready to endure privations in her service.

As the fugitive lived over the past he produced two card photographs restored to him by the police. The faces that gazed up at him from the pasteboards were those of his foster sister and her dearest friend, Ada Carroll. The latter was the daughter of a physician who lived adjacent to the Brackways and the two girls were inseparable.

The picture imaged a slender girl of brunette type whose mischievous eyes of velvety brown seemed laughter-filled. The arched lips were ready for gay speech. She was altogether piquant in manner and dainty in appearance. Her dark hair was high-dressed, her gown was of white lace and artfully enhanced her bright young beauty.

Long Grant gazed at this photo and into his face crept an expression of agony. This represented the climax of his renunciation. Some time when he had achieved fortune and given public value to his borrowed name he intended this woman to become his wife. Now this was a vanished dream. He believed fate decided wisely in removing a name-

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In two days the corn comes out without soreness or pain or harm. It is so simple, so sure, so effective that everybody who knows Blue-jay uses nothing else.

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Note the Picture

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less suitor from her path. Yet the giving up of this ambitious hope had, for him, the bitterness of death. Instead of arriving at honor and distinction, he left to the woman he loved the memory of his base ingratitude, his criminal flight. He did not regret his sacrifice; hours of premeditation—could he have had foreknowledge—would have brought him to the same decision.

All day he chafed at inaction; every hour he expected to be confronted by the thug or thugs who belonged to this rendezvous. No one appeared. The morning and evening dailies, secured by Mrs. Gorham, gave a complete account of Herbert's crime and his own flight. As he expected, his lapse from rectitude was attributed to his gutter origin. The account included the statement that Lanigan, because of immense vitality, still lived, but that his hours of life were nearly done. His residence and friends were unknown, owing to the dying man's stubborn refusal to divulge this particular. It was explained by the attending physician as something more than a sickroom whim; it was a not uncommon freak of dementia. Undoubtedly his relatives would discover his condition and locality by reading the press account.

The whole affair, the press claimed, was extraordinary. Much sympathy was expressed for Judge Brackway who had, for years, harbored a viper. Reporters had not gained access to the judge's home, therefore the article lacked intimate detail.

That evening, at dusk, the man who emerged from Mrs. Gorham's haven for criminals had the appearance of a night workman. He was clad in a laborer's dark flannel shirt and overalls and carried the regulation dinner pail and a bundle. His destination was the nearest depot where he intended to board a train either as passenger or tramp.

The streets were filled from wall to curb with day workmen, shop girls, factory hands and business men returning home. Cars were overburdened. Cabs and private carriages blocked the crossings. With fear of arrest ever dogging his steps, Grant forced himself to walk erect with the steady pace a workman would maintain. On every side flashed duplicates of his dinner pail in the hands of men from the car shops, iron works or factories. He had neared his goal. Soon he approached the buildings of a depot and near was the network of steel tracks where idle cars and switching engines mingled confusedly.

"Shifted you on in Casey's place, eh?" a voice inquired at his elbow and a lantern flashed its light in his face. "Very well," the yard boss continued, "you yank that bunch of trunks onto the east express. It's the whole out-go. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," Grant was impelled to answer. Immediately the man and lantern passed on, leaving the fugitive staring dismayed at a pile of trunks on the long platform.

Since the baggage had been placed in his charge Grant felt in honor bound to see that it was shipped on the eastern flyer. Even then he could distinguish its headlight rushing toward him. In another moment it shrieked warning, slid to place and began to discharge and receive passengers.

The involuntary employe wheeled his loaded truck to the baggage car and was assisted by a waiting train man to hoist them aboard.

"How many you got, Mike?" the man asked. He had the easy familiarity of trainmen and greeted truck pushers everywhere by the first name that occurred to his jovial mind.

"Five more," Grant told him and started back.

Half down the platform a policeman was closely inspecting each hurrying passenger. His gaze wandered along the train; he glanced at every one in sight and constantly moved to cover. When Grant helped the trainman lift a huge "Saratoga" the man jerked his head in the direction of the officer.

"That cop seems uneasy," he declared. "Has something on his mind."

"Maybe," suggested Grant, "he is looking for me."

The baggage shifter laughed at the pleasantry.

"Ask him," he said.

But when Grant repassed the officer the blue coat motioned him to stop.

"Any one like that board a train today?" he demanded and placed before the fugitive's astonished gaze a picture of himself! The likeness had doubtless been secured from the photographer who had been employed by the young lawyer. From the same source the force probably had secured many duplicates. Quite evidently the police were determined upon his recapture.

With his visored cap pulled low Grant studied the photo.

"No one like that has boarded an outgoing train as yet," he assured the officer while his limbs shook as with ague. "Perhaps later—"

"If you catch a glimpse of him it'll add a five to your day's pay," interrupted the officer. "He's wanted."

"Five's good money. I'll keep it in mind," returned the truck pusher and proceeded to roll the remaining trunks to the car. His sensation was that of elation rather than fear. His trembling was the result of nervous strain, but his voice was steady and his brain clear.

"I'm out of a job after today," he told the trainman. "Let me ride with you. I'll pay my way."

The baggage shifter hesitated, glanced up and down the train.

"I know the bedivelment of losing a job, myself," he said. "Git aboard."

Grant secured his bundle, seized the trainman's outstretched hand as the car moved and the eastern flyer was off.

Two days after this happening a gray clad gentleman with suit-case in hand crossed the gangway onto a huge liner. Immediately the black leviathan with smoke belching from its funnels, swung ponderously into the channel. Faintly trembling from the throb of its engines it churned its way toward the open sea. Behind lay the myriad lights of New York harbor and the far-beaded strands of electric bulbs that meant unnumbered miles of city streets.

On the deck gazing his last at American shores was the man in gray tweed.

"From New York?" questioned an elderly man at his side, wrapped in an outer coat of plaid and wearing a tourist cap of the same.

"No," replied Grant, "I am from the West; Frank Gordon of Denver," he explained in the self-introductory style of ship board.

"And I," returned the gentleman in plaid, "am H. R. Worthington of Detroit. My wife and I are about to circle the globe. We expect to return by The Golden Gate."

Grant glanced uneasily at his loquacious companion. The elderly man at his side was indeed from his home city. He remembered seeing him on the platform at a political rally. He was one of the city's wealthy and influential men. Surely the world was a diminutive place when the first man he encountered on an ocean liner happened to be a resident of his own locality. He wondered if Wolverine settlers would be found wandering about Central Africa and the aisles of the sea.

On the great steamer Grant found the usual Atlantic-crossing travellers—business men, an actress with her stock company, a writer in quest of local color, and a lately appointed consul, besides globe-trotting tourists. Despite his loneliness the fugitive found amusement in the scenes about him. For hours he watched the dark, undulating ever restless sea. At night the ship's saloon blazed with countless incandescents that studded the ceiling, vibrated on standards and lent brilliancy to the luxurious interior.

In the dinner cabin, where numberless white linen draped tables dotted the plush carpets and a close circle of ruby lights shone on glass and silver, Grant shared a table with the couple from Detroit. This bit of comradeship was due to Mr. Worthington's arrangement. He had conceived a sudden liking for the open-eyed, fine appearing Denverite. As he was accustomed to gratifying his whims he did not allow Grant's lack of credentials to interefere.

Mrs. Worthington was delicately refined, gentle, but a trifle exacting. She demanded and received from every one about her many trivial attentions. While Mr. Worthington waited upon her pleasure at every turn he wearied of gallantries outgrown. Speedily he allowed Grant to assume the lion's share of his domestic burden. By unconscious degrees the young lawyer found himself caring for the sweet faced lady's wants at table, her steamer chair, rug and books on deck, and being generally at her command at all times. The third day out Mr. Worthington gave proof of his appreciation.

"Mr. Gordon," he commenced, while walking with Grant on deck, "you tell us you have no definite plans; you intimate, that, later, you must earn your living. Now, I want you to work for me in the capacity of a secretary. I've taken a fancy to you; you suit me to a dot and my wife likes you, too. Don't refuse until I've had my say," he urged. "It's my idea that when old people take a notion they should be humored. I'll see that you don't lose anything by acceding to our wishes. Think it over."

"Mr. Worthington," Grant said earnestly, "what you ask is impossible. Sometime I'll show my gratitude for this kindness by writing you an explanation. At present I can not make clear to you my reasons for declining."

"Well, well," Mr. Worthington concluded after further argument, "here it's time for lunch and I'm no nearer converting you to my way of thinking than I was an hour ago." As he spoke he consulted an open face watch of curious make. Roman numerals were picked out on the gold face in tiny diamonds; within the circling figures was etched a diminutive landscape; the hands were of gold wrought in fanciful design.

"Surely," commented Grant, "that design is unusual. But I am certain that somewhere, at some time I have seen that turreted castle and sweeping river."

"Impossible," asserted Mr. Worthington. "The watch was designed by my order. The jeweler engraved the view from a scene I supplied. During thirty years the time piece has never left my possession."

For months the incident remained dormant in Grant's memory. It was then erased by hardship that led him to almost doubt his own identity. But it was, in fact, one move in this gigantic game of chess played on the surface of two continents with human pawns.

Presently the hills of the Green Isle loomed in sight. By three of the afternoon Liverpool drew near with its miles of wharves. Later the big liner warped alongside the gray piers and subsided to the business of ejecting passengers and freight. The meeting tide of incoming and disbarking humanity mingled in noisy confusion. Amid the uproar Grant felt a hand placed on his shoulder. Then he heard a deep voice say:

"David Grant, you are my prisoner!"

Turning, Grant faced an officer in citizen's attire. He was of large stature; his features, cast in generous mold, inspired confidence rather than repulsion. The man was of the type men obey willingly and follow unquestioningly, into carnage. Into Grant's countenance crept an expression of quiet despair.

"If you think I'm the one you want," he said in reply, using words he had spoken on a similar occasion, "I am ready to accompany you."

CHAPTER III.

"You're the man," the officer said with conviction, as he deftly snapped a steel wristlet over the back of Grant's right hand and added its mate to the left. "Pardon this necessity," he added. "I'm warned that you're uncommon lively."

"How do you identify me?" insisted Grant.

"My dear friend," the officer genially explained, as he elbowed a passage through the staring throng, "with the wireless working over your head and the cable busy under your feet, you hadn't the fraction of a chance.

"To start with, one of our force witnessed the singular act of a workman suddenly deserting his job to board an eastern express. The workman slipped through the drag-net but the wireless located a man of your description on board this liner. You started out with no disguise but a new suit of clothes and a fresh autograph. If you want a special mark here it is."

The officer, with a swift motion, indicated a scar under the thick brown hair at the fugitive's right temple. Like a white line it followed the scalp and suggested a scalping-knife wound made by an Indian. Grant believed he received the cut while in the Gipsy camp.

As the two threaded their way down to the lower deck, the mind of the recaptured prisoner seemed benumbed. Thought of escape was absent. Amid strange surroundings, among strange people, he felt helpless. The curious gaze of his late fellow-passengers had no power to deepen his chagrin. His condition of mind was merely that of intense disappointment. He had committed no crime, therefore lacked the element of remorse or shame. Mr. Worthington's look of astonishment and dismay alone moved him to speech.

"What does this mean?" cried the old

(Continued on page twenty-nine.)

Rheumatism Advice

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"Get one ounce of syrup of Sarsaparilla compound and one ounce of Toris compound. Then get half a pint of good whiskey and put the other two ingredients into it. Take a tablespoonful of this mixture before each meal and at bed time. Shake the bottle before using." This is not new in this city as many of the worst cases of rheumatism and back-ache have been cured by it. Good results come the first day. Any druggist has these ingredients on hand or will quickly get them from his wholesale house. Any one can mix them.

* * *

A Merry Wag.

"Yes, he's a very merry wag. The last time he went to Mexico his wife asked him to bring back some of the embroidery work for which the country is famous. When he reached home he handed her a box containing a half dozen, human teeth.

"'Mercy!' she cried. 'What's this?'

"'Mexican drawn work,' he trippingly replied."

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* * *

Double Pointed.

"Say, I don't know just how to take Miss Cutting's comment on my singing."

"What did she say?"

"She said Caruso's voice was excellent, but mine was better still."

* * *

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THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well, either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibers of the clothes like the force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cts. to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.

Address me this way—H. L. Barker, 192 Court Street, Binghamton, N. Y. If you live in Canada, address 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

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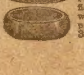

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IMELDA ARDEN'S CRIME;

Or, A ROMANCE OF THE RIPWATER.

By William T. Bartwick.

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CHAPTER VI.

ALL AT SEA.

"THE girl gone!"

The land-cruiser stood the picture of vexed surprise.

"That is what I have just discovered," returned the woman. "I had no idea that she would treat me so shabbily after the kindness I did her. You will remember that it was you—"

"Yes, yes," broke in Calcraft, "I vouched for her all right, and am vouching for her still. When did she go?"

"That I cannot tell. You. Some time in the night, since her bed is undisturbed."

"What have you in your hand?"

"This handkerchief and a note with some writing on it."

"Let me look at them."

The woman handed him her find, then stood waiting, her curiosity very much excited. Calcraft seated himself and opened the note, which was directed to him.

"Mr. Calcraft:

"Forgive me this rather unkind return for your goodness, but I am not in a position to express myself as I should like to do at this time. Please do not think me ungrateful, for I am not. I very much appreciate what you have done, and at another time may be in a position to reward you in a substantial manner. I have but one request to make—do not spend any time searching for me, it would be time wasted.

"IMELDA."

"What does she say?" asked his cousin when Calcraft shut his fingers tightly about the dainty note and gazed fiercely at the ceiling.

"She says a good deal—nothing," was his quick retort.

He rose to his feet and went to the door. Pausing, he faced Mrs. Trenton with anything but a pleasant visage. "What did you say or do to drive her away?"

"Me drive her away? How absurd!"

"Then why did she go? Something must surely happened to send her away in the night."

"Nobody sent her away. I had a pleasant visit with her in the evening; she seemed real nice and ladylike. I supposed she was to be my guest for some time. I am sorry she has taken it into her head to run away. Now, Rand, tell what you know about her. She was as bright as a new penny, and I liked her appearance ever so much."

"Thanks for your good opinion of my friend. She is in trouble and needs friendship and sympathy. I believe I will tell you all about her; perhaps you may be able to fathom something of a mystery that puzzles me."

Calcraft went back to his chair. He knew Mrs. Trenton to be a sensible, discreet person, consequently did not fear to trust her.

The two sat and talked for a full hour, the land-cruiser going over his exciting adventurers of the previous day.

"And so this pretty girl was masquerading as a boy?" exclaimed the cousin. "Well, I am bound to say that doesn't speak very well for her."

"And yet, I can't believe it speaks ill of her," declared he.

"That's because she saved you from the snake."

"Well, I am in duty bound to recognize her coolness at such a time. I do believe it would have been all day with me but for Miss Arden. Since I owe her so much you will admit that I would be an ingrate to go back on her when she got into trouble."

"Yes, I suppose so. This Legrand Troth? Seems like I have heard of him some time or other. It's probably a love affair between those two, and quite likely to turn out all right in the end."

"Of course you have heard of Troth; he is a rich Detroiter, a young chap with a badly swelled head. It's what Hadley told me that grinds—Miss Arden being a thief."

"Yes, that looks bad."

"But of course there is some mistake."

"I am not so sure about that."

"Now, Alice—"

"Well, how can I be?" quickly burst forth the young matron. "When an acknowledged officer of the law makes declaration that he has a warrant for a certain young woman it seems to me presumptuous to question his veracity. Seriously, Rand, I am afraid you have been badly sold by a clever woman criminal."

"You and I must then part company in this deal," said the land-cruiser, rising to his feet, hot with indignation. "Why, Alice, I would be willing to stake my life on the goodness of this girl."

"I am sorry for you, Rand."

"No need to be, cousin mine," said he with a forced laugh. "There'll come a time when you will be sorry for your lack of faith." With that he went from the room and the house.

Calcraft was deeply troubled over the turn affairs had taken. The most sensible course for him to pursue would be to go about his business and leave Miss Arden to her fate. He thought now of Surelia, and wished that he could see her and talk with her about the queer Miss Arden, of whom he had never heard till the previous day. It was strange, he thought, that, if Imelda Arden had long been a member of the Kranbourne household, he had not met her during some of his visits at the millionaire lumberman's home.

Calcraft reached his room at the tavern in a state of mind bordering on distraction. His land interests might suffer, but for all that he could not tear himself free from this case. There was much of mystery about it that piqued his curiosity and decided him to not cease his investigation till the whole affair was given the light of day.

His interest in the fortunes of the beautiful girl deepened with every minute of time.

"I'll never give up till I know all about this strange Miss Arden," decided the land-cruiser.

Once in his room the young man threw himself into a chair, lit a cigar, smoked and meditated.

"Hello, here!"

Having carelessly thrust his hand into his pocket it came in contact with the daintily scented handkerchief, that had been left in her room by Nick Torrand, alias Miss Arden.

The texture of the bit of linen was exquisitely fine. It had that soft, indescribable feel of age, and Calcraft made minute inspection of the old bit of lace.

"Old! I should say it was!" exclaimed he as he read a name in one corner. "How in the created world did Imelda Arden come by this bit of old Irish lace? I knew this twenty years ago!"

Back swarmed memories of the long ago, as our young knight errant gazed, wild-eyed, at the old handkerchief. Memories of the long ago were even now more strongly upon him than ever.

He had at first some difficulty in calling to mind the exact time when he had last seen that handkerchief; it was away back in his childhood days, days when there was no cloud on his youthful sky, only silver and gold and diamonds of happy laughter, good cheer and utter contentment. Yes that was a long time ago—how many years, let us see!

"More than a score," he finally decided.

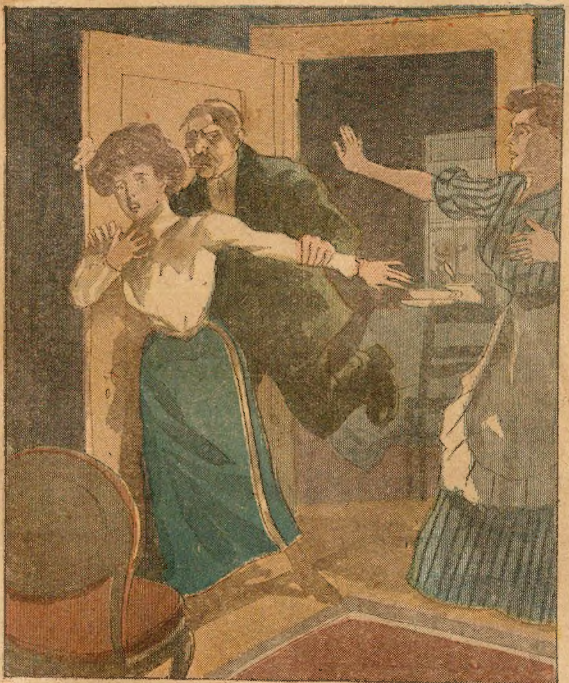
And there in one corner of that thin old bit of lace was wrought a name, the sweetest, saddest name of all his memory. The one who first owned the handkerchief had passed through life nourishing a deep and abiding sorrow which had eaten at her heart's core, and, by many years, shortened her life.

Calcraft was up presently, pacing the floor, his brows contracted, his eyes bent steadily upon the carpet.

He had much to think about just now. Where had this strange wild Miss Arden found this handkerchief? Surely it had not come to her in a legitimate way; that could not be, since he knew the original owner would not have parted with the bit of lace carelessly.

"Ah, I must find you, Imelda Arden!" exclaimed he, with a sudden throwing back of his shoulders, a rigid compresion of the lips. "I am losing time here, which must not be."

Thrusting the handkerchief once more deeply into his pocket, Rand Calcraft went forth in hot earnest on the search for the queer bit of femininity who had pushed so strangely into his life. She had no sooner come than she had gone, however, much to his chagrin and disappointment.



"He Sprang at Imelda."

"I'll find you, Miss Arden, I'll find you," was the burden of his thought as he sought the open air once more.

His first port of inquiry was at his cousin's house, which he had quitted without acquainting himself with all the particulars of Miss Arden's sudden flight.

He found his relative out, only the maid being present, and she was unable to tell him anything, not even of her mistress' whereabouts.

From this time on Calcraft devoted his time to making inquiries in the immediate neighborhood, all to no purpose, however.

He returned to the tavern very much cast down. The queer Miss Arden had flitted into his life only to plunge out of it again as suddenly and mysteriously as she had entered.

For three days he haunted the village, hoping against hope that something would turn up in his favor. During the time he consulted the columns of the daily papers, anxious to discover something that would lend him aid in his quest. Nothing came of this.

He consulted Mrs. Trenton again without results.

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bright idea dawned in the mind of our anxiously searching hero.

"By gracious!" exclaimed he, "why didn't I think of that before? The very thing to do, of course. I will go to Bark City and see the Kranbournes!"

With this idea in mind the young girl-hunter rushed once more upon the street. A train would depart within the hour. It was easily a hundred miles to Bark City, the present home of Giles Kranbourne; within three hours the land-cruiser could be in the lumberman's parlor. From Surelia, at least, he should be able to learn all there was to know about Imelda Arden.

Racing toward the depot Rand met Hugh Fraser.

"Where you going so fast, old man?" demanded the raftsman.

"To the train. Don't detain me, Hugh; I have not time to swap lies now."

"Well, the old boy's been bit by a mad dog, I reckon," chuckled the man, as he watched the long, swift strides of his young friend.

Meantime Rand had to pass the dressmaker's shop on his way to the depot. He halted suddenly in front of the glass door. The swish and glimmer of a rich skirt attracted him.

Some one was coming dejectedly forth from the dressmaker's. Another instant and Calcraft found himself face to face with Imelda Arden!

CHAPTER VII.

AT BARK CITY.

Bark City is one of the most thriving of the newer towns of the Central West.

Giles Kranbourne had been at home here for several years, his former residence being at the City of the Straits. In fact he owned two homes, having educated his daughter in the latter city.

The wealth of Kranbourne was reported to be among the millions and yet the lumberman was in sore straits at the time of our story, a fact which will be developed as the narrative progresses.

Kranbourne sat one morning over his wine and the paper damp from the press. His eyes were red and tired, his face wearing the haggard pallor induced by sleepless nights. He was a man with considerable force of character, had made his fortune instead of inheriting it, and, but for some bad investments, sudden close times, and a tendency on his part of late to plunge into strange waters, he might still have been on the high tide of a successful business career.

His face was not an old one. It is doubtful if he was much past forty, and yet he had aged very much in the past year. No one had noticed this so surely as his only child, Surelia, who managed the home of her millionaire parent with exceptional brilliancy.

Giles frowned as his eyes ran up and down the page of the Morning Star.

"Nothing doing," he sighed, tossing the paper aside.

The door opened admitting a burst of sunshine.

"Papa, did you hear me call?"

"No, pet. What is it?"

"Mr. Troth is in the parlor."

"Ah—ur—wanting me?"

"I suppose so, papa."

Surelia was indeed a ray of good cheer. Bright of face, slender as a willow, with expressive violet eyes, masses of golden hair, faultless in dress, she was every way worthy her lineage, and doubly worthy to wear the title, "Belle of Bark City."

"Troth calls early," muttered the millionaire. "He said nothing about news from our runaway?"

"I gave him no opportunity," smilingly returned the girl. "You know I do not approve of him, papa."

The girl went up and laid her arm across the broad shoulders of her parent. He fondled the taper fingers resting on his sleeve, smiled up at her fair face, saying not the most kindly:

"I know, too, that you do not approve of Imelda."

"And am I not right? Hasn't she proved as I said she would, a traitoress—"

"No, no, Surelia, don't say that."

"And why shall I not say it?" cried the girl quickly. "Hasn't she proved a very snake in the grass? That comes of taking an Indian into your home. I distrusted her from the start, you know I did, papa."

A shocked expression swept the face of the millionaire.

"My dear child, you must not talk like this about your—ah, er, your sister. I meant her to be that, you know."

"And how has she rewarded you? Absconded with papers so valuable you are ruined unless they are found. I call that treachery of the most despicable sort. I do wish Rand were here."

The girl turned away, and walked thoughtfully to the window.

The eyes of the parent followed, a queer glint in their depths. There had never been great trust and sisterly affection between the millionaire's ward and his daughter. It had been a source of great distress to him. Imelda had been gradually winning her way when this sudden flight of hers struck consternation to two hearts, and hardened Surelia more than ever against the girl who had come into the lumberman's home only to usurp the place in his heart heretofore held by his daughter.

There was a sort of fierce joy in the soul of Surelia when the pretty ward disappeared with half of the fortune of her father.

"What of Rand?" suddenly questioned Kranbourne. "He could do nothing."

"He would know what to do at any rate," she said blushing to her ears.

"You seem to have great confidence in that man."

"He is a grand man; he is so ready-witted, papa. You know he has been of great help to you in the past. Now, if he were here he would know exactly what to do, and not be like this man Troth, who makes me tired every time he calls. I postively can't bear the creature."

"It is quite necessary that you treat him with respect, at any rate, Surelia," said Kranbourne with some asperity.

"He is even worse than this half-breed inamorata of his," retorted the girl. "The more I see of him the less I like him."

"You have said quite enough, Surelia."

"Troth is not your friend, papa—"

"Enough of this, my girl!" broke forth the lumberman angrily. "The time may come when you will be glad to claim this man's friendship. Your speaking of Imelda in the disrespectful manner you have quite astonishes me. I wanted you to love her—"

"What, me love Imelda Arden!" and the fair speaker turned upon her parent with red cheeks and flashing eyes. "Why, you know I cannot love one with Indian blood! The idea of a Kranbourne stooping to that!" with which Miss Surelia whirled on her high heels and swept from the room.

The millionaire sprang up and began to pace the floor. He was pale and deeply excited. His back was toward the door when it opened and a visitor entered. He paused on the threshold and watched the movements of Kranbourne in evident satisfaction.

"Ah, so you are back again!" exclaimed the lumberman, when he faced about to meet the gaze of Legrand Troth fixed upon him. "When did you arrive?"

"An hour ago."

"Be seated and tell me about it. Surely in four days you have made some discoveries?"

"I surely have, Mr. Kranbourne."

The Detroiter sank easily into a chair. His face wore an impenetrable mask. He allowed a slight smile to chase across his immature countenance.

"What have you done, Legrand?"

"I have found the robber."

"Ah; you did? Is she under arrest?" The speaker leaned forward, his eyes flickering with shadowy gleams, betokening much concern.

"She was under arrest."

"Was, and not now?"

A sudden hopefulness seemed to flash into the eyes of the elder man. His visitor did not fail to make note of this.

"Not now, Mr. Kranbourne, because of the interference of a friend of yours."

"A friend of mine interfered to prevent the arrest of Miss Arden?"

"Quite right, sir. We have to thank Rand Calcraft for the escape of the person who robbed you of bonds and papers. Now what apology have you to make for his chivalrous action?"

"I am not in the habit of apologizing for anybody," coldly returned the millionaire.

"We found your pretty ward traveling in company with your friend Calraft. She was togged out in male attire and seemed to be enjoying herself immensely. I haven't the least doubt that the two have divided the spoils of her theft. By now this precious twain are well out of the country, safe with the redskins of her tribe."

"Sir, you talk in riddles," retorted the lumberman. "There is no call for you to speak disrespectfully of my ward. The fling of 'Indian blood' is a gratuitous insult. If you have nothing further to offer we will close this interview."

"As you like."

Troth sprang up and made a move as if to go.

"Wait a moment," protested the other. "I want to know what has been done, leaving out all references to birthmarks and the like. Miss Arden is still my ward, and as such, entitled to fair treatment. Where is she? Did you find the lost papers?"

Troth went again to his chair and sat down. He seemed very easily placated. He was playing a game himself and was not in a hurry to alarm his intended victim.

"Of course I did not find the papers."

"Nor the money?"

"Nor the money."

"And yet you tell me you found the girl."

"That's what I tell you and it is true. She was traveling in company with Rand Calcraft; they seemed very chummy. I imagine the land-cruiser had a hand in robbing you, Mr. Kranbourne. Anyhow, he backed her up to the extent of helping her to escape after she was really in charge of an officer. He laid himself liable of course, and the two will eventually be rounded up together."

"From what you say I understand that Miss Arden is still outside the clutches of the law?"

"That is a fact, Giles."

The green eyes of Troth were riveted on the face of Kranbourne. If he expected to see disappointment and chagrin manifest on that face he met with disappointment. Instead a gratified light flooded the countenance of the millionaire.

"And Imelda is still free," he murmured, rubbing his hands in evident pleasure. Troth rose in sudden anger.

"You cannot deceive me longer, Giles Kranbourne," he cried at white heat, "you have been fooling me all along. I drop my leniency from this time on, and shall at once proceed to collect what is my due!"

CHAPTER VIII.

TROTH FEELS REVENGEFUL.

Kranbourne tried to reason with his angry caller, but the man was not amenable to soft words. He got upon his feet and turned to depart.

Pale and agitated the millionaire stepped before his wrathful visitor.

"You shall not go like this, Legrand," he said pleadingly. "I have done what I could to meet all your demands; even going so far as to smile upon your suit for the hand of my ward. It is not my fault if she did not care for you in the guise of a lover."

"And I am glad she did not," growled the Detroiter. "You would have been only too well pleased to palm off a half-breed's daughter upon me; I have met with a narrow escape."

"Perhaps you have," admitted the lumberman with surprising calmness. "I am not admitting that you have the right of the argument, however. My ward is as blue-blooded as your own mother, Mr. Troth. That yarn about Indian blood is all moonshine."

"In any event she has disgraced you, Giles."

"We will not discuss that point. I want you to hold on till I can have a chance to turn some of my collateral into money—"

"You will hardly be able to do that now, having lost so much by the acts of your pretty yet unscrupulous ward."

"I trust you will leave that to me, Legrand."

"I might leave it to you and get left in the long run," half sneered the creditor. "I propose to make myself safe at the outset."

"You can hardly do that if I am driven to the wall. You admit that you are in no pressing need of money; why then will you not give me all the time I need to make good?"

"I will not do it simply for the reason that I do not choose to be made a puppet of another hour. I have you on the hip, old man, and mean to use my power to some purpose."

"What if I refuse to recognize your power—"

"And refuse point blank to pay?"

"Yes, even that."

"I should then bring to the notice of the authorities a certain transaction that took place down by the river bank—the Ripwater—some dozen or more years ago. Up to that time, Giles Kranbourne, you were a comparatively poor man. You know to what I refer, of course."

"I am quite in the dark."

"Would you have me be more explicit?"

"Yes, if you can be."

"It was a dark night in September, beneath the roots of a leaning sycamore a man dug for dear life. He found what he wanted and bore it away with him. From that hour his day of proseprity dawned. What more need I say?"

A contemptuous laugh followed from Kranbourne.

"You feel funny, don't you?" sneered the other.

"You're enough to make a dog laugh, Mr. Troth, with your weird incantations. I am in no way concerned with your yarn of the midnight digging under a sycamore tree. I feel that I am able to defy all such nonsense."

"You may not be when you are made to answer for that crime of the long ago. There are heirs to that gold who are very anxious to know what became of their father's money."

"Where did you learn so much?"

There was a perceptible nervous twitching about the mouth of the lumberman, a fact that did not escape the notice of his visitor.

"It is sufficient for you to know that I learned it," sneered Troth.

"You have a wonderful imagination."

"Yes, and also a fund of fact that will astonish you before I am done with this case. You love your daughter, Giles?"

"A superfluous question."

"And you would save her all unnecessary worry and travail?"

"You know all that, Troth, but—"

"With you in a felon's cell Surelia surely would not be happy. Now I am not so funny as you try to imagine;; I stand ready to cancel all debts and keep my mouth shut as to the past if you will grant me one thing."

"An impossibility, I've no doubt."

The millionaire took a turn about the floor. He was decidedly nervous at last; Troth was correspondingly elated.

"Not so, Giles," said he, with an insinuating smile. "I once offered to square accounts for the hand of your ward—"

"Yes, yes, I know, and it is not my fault that you did not succeed there."

"We won't discuss that; I do not want her now."

"She refused you—"

"I never gave her the chance. Are you ready to consider my proposition?"

"Possibly."

"I am still anxious to form a matri-

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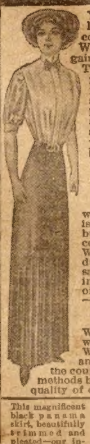

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monial alliance that will give me even greater social distinction than I now enjoy—the hand of Miss Surelia will do all that."

"What?" with a start of surprise. "Do you mean to say that it is Surelia instead of Imelda—"

"I mean to say just that."

"But she—"

"Will do as you tell her all right, Giles."

"Have you consulted the girl?"

"She has referred me to you."

"Strange that I have never suspected this."

"You might have had your eyes been open. I have loved Surelia for a long time. She did not like my attentions to Miss Arden, and there was a flareup. Such things happen with all young people I imagine. Now that the Arden project is off I am anxious to make my peace with your daughter."

"Go do it then and not talk to me."

"I have your consent?"

"Most assuredly, providing—"

"Providing what?"

The Detroiter scowled.

"Providing that little account of ours is canceled.

"It shall be if Surelia comes to terms."

Legrand Troth left the presence of the lumberman, smiling in a satisfied manner. He at once sought the presence of the daughter. It was quite true that the man from Detroit had at one time paid marked attention to Surelia. That was before Imelda Arden entered the race, when the lumberman's daughter was still in short skirts. The pretty blonde heiress had treated him with a degree of consideration until he had attempted to kiss her against her wish. It was then he felt the weight of her hand on his ear as a result of her displeasure, and afterward got a sound thrashing from Rand Calcraft.

Surelia was watering some of her favorite flowers when the exquisite from Detroit entered her presence.

"Surelia, allow me—er, ouch!"

Troth staggered back, sputtering, with a mouth full of water, as the girl, startled at the sound of his voice behind her, whirled with the nozzle of the hose in her hands.

"Mercy!" screamed the girl, seeming unable to control the hose, since she continued to bespatter the young man with its contents. Presently she managed to toss it aside, while a shriek of laughter rang from her rosy lips.

"Confound it, what are you doing?" yelled the completely deluged young man, presenting a somewhat collapsed condition as to raiment. "You've spoiled my best suit of clothes!"

"Have I indeed?" she said repentantly. "I am so sorry."

She went to his assistance, wiping his dripping face with her own handkerchief. This had the effect to mollify him somewhat, and the twain repaired to the broad porch where they could talk more comfortably.

"Yes, I saw your father and he sent me to you," said the Detroiter, after he had explained the situation quite fully. "Our business relations are of such a character that it is quite to the interest of your parent to call me into the family."

"I don't think I shall object to that, Mr. Troth."

"I am pleased to hear you say that. We will be married at once, won't we, dearest?"

"Why, you ninny, what are you talking about?" gasped the girl.

"Talking about our marriage of course," he blurted. "Did you think I was here for the fun of being sprinkled?" He half rose in anger.

"Why, I can't say as to that. I thought you and Imelda had arranged to hit it off in the matrimonial line. I am sure—"

"I wouldn't marry that jade if she should come back and plead with me on her bended knees."

"But you two were engaged; papa said so; and I am conscious of feeling that it would have been a most suitable match. She may return—"

"Stop, Surelia, stop right where you are!" he cried, his weak face going hot and red. "That girl is a fugitive from justice. The name of Troth is an honorable one, it shall not be linked with shame, if I know myself. The Troths and Kranbournes united will rule in highest social circles. I have an ancestor who went to the National Congress—"

"Forget it, sir, forget it!" deprecatingly uttered his pretty companion. "Nobody but a snob would lay that misfortune up against you, Mr. Troth."

She was making sport of him.

"Never mind," he said hurriedly. "Laying all jokes aside, Surelia, I am ready to forgive the past and make you Mrs. Troth right now."

"How kind you are!"

"I am kind by nature, Surelia."

The girl got to her feet.

"Go talk to some one who cares to listen, Mr. Troth; I haven't the time to waste on idle nonsense; I am a busy girl just now."

She brushed aside her skirts, avoiding him as she swept down the steps to renew her work of attending the flowers.

He rose to his feet, hot and red of face.

He was not so dense as not to understand that he had been curtly dismissed. There was an evil glow in his sinister green eyes as he watched her at the hose once more. He more than half believed that the incident of his shower bath had not been wholly accidental.

The girl's beauty warmed and drew him. He wanted to lay his arms about those sloping shoulders and pillow the golden head on his heart. He was too angry for compromise just now, however.

Walking down to her side he grasped her and forced her to look at him.

"I have been made a fool of too long in this house!" said he in a sullen undertone that rather startled her. "Your parent would have been glad to have saddled his buckskin ward upon a Troth; it would have lent respectability to the breed. Thank heaven, I escaped! Now you sneer at my proposal of honorable marriage. Well and good. I'll be revenged for these slights, and you shall yet bow in pleading at the feet of a despised Troth!"

With that he flung her arm aside and strode away.

CHAPTER IX.

SHADOWED BY TWO.

Calcraft held out his hand in glad greeting, his face showing his happiness in a smile.

"The young lady I have been running off my legs to find," said he.

"You were foolish to do that," she answered not unkindly, permitting him to take and hold her hand.

"It was positively cruel for you to run away—"

She raised a protesting hand.

"The cruelty is in remaining," she declared.

"How can you say that? I am sure—"

"Of nothing at all, Mr. Calcraft. I am sorry that you found me."

"More cruelty—"

"I should not have returned but for the fact that in my haste, the other day, I forgot to take a package of papers. In making that change of apparel I must have lost my presence of mind."

"And no wonder. Can I be of service?"

"Not in the least."

She withdrew her hand and turned her face away. He could see that she was in deep distress and guessed the cause.

"You did not find the papers?"

"No, I did not," a saddened disappointment in her voice.

"It is too bad. I trust we shall be able to find them yet."

"Quite impossible."

There was a quaver in her low voice; she was, he knew, on the verge of tears. She had dropped her veil to hide her emotion. He was very much worked up himself over her misfortunes.

"It's been my motto to never despair," said he with seeming cheerfulness. "Were those papers of so very great importance then?"

"Yes, of utmost importance—the whole happiness of my life hangs on the finding of them."

"You thought you left them in the store that day?"

"Why, yes, I know that I did. The packet was in a pocket of the coat—you must remember—"

"Yes, yes, to be sure. Too bad of course—your leaving them, I mean. I will speak with Madame Sawyer. Stop here just a moment, please."

Calcraft went in and had his interview, a rather unsatisfactory one. The dressmaker often cared for packages for customers; had not noticed the young lady's bundle, but of course it must have been dropped in among the others and no thought taken of it.

"Perhaps it is here yet?"

"No. I have made a careful search for the lady herself. She inspected all the bundles we have and did not find hers."

"Will you permit me—"

"Certainly, you shall see what you can find."

The little dressmaker pointed to a compartment at one end of a short counter. This contained half a dozen packages neatly tied with blue cord. These were not checked, but had names or initials scrawled upon them.

Calcraft read the names over aloud.

"What's that?" exclaimed Miss Sawyer, coming up the narrow space between the counters. "Professor Karl did you say? He surely got his bundle this morning; I am sure of that, for Pauline waited on him and he was a long time taking his pick—wanting to talk so much, and such a lot of nonsense, with the girl, you know."

"Yes," said Calcraft. "Who is Professor Karl?"

"Professor of anatomy or something in one of the colleges. His full name is Karl Shaffenberger—don't you know him?"

"Quite sure I don't. But see here!"

The land-cruiser held up a flat roll. "Did the professor have more than one bundle here?"

"Only one. Why?"

"Then there is a mistake; this is Professor Karl's package."

The little dressmaker snatched the bundle from the hand of Calcraft, scanning the name smeared across it, with a scowl.

"Pauline, Pauline, come here!" called the shrill voice of Miss Sawyer. "What does this mean?" as the tall Pauline approached from a rear room. "Here is a package for Professor Karl. Didn't you get his package for him this morning?"

"I certain did, marm."

"Then what does this mean?" shaking the bundle in the face of her employe.

"I don't know, marm, unless, he got the wrong one—he's dreadful nearsighted you know."

"But your eyes are good; you got it for him?"

"Come to think, he got the package himself, marm. I was awful busy just when he was in, you know."

Miss Sawyer bit her lip and frowned. "Such carelessness! You see how it is, Rand. One can't depend on hired help. I trust this unfortunate mistake will not discommode the lady very much. Anyhow, I can't feel that I am to blame."

"It's done now, anyhow," growled the land-cruiser. "Where will I find the professor?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Where does he live?"

"His home is at Bark City; he's out here for his annual outing and, of course, may not return home right away."

"It was only this morning that he got the bundle?"

"Yes. When he learns his mistake he will surely bring it back."

"He might, and then—" began the land-cruiser doubtingly, "he might not."

It would depend, of course, on the professor's honesty. There was a large sum of money at stake, as well as valuable papers. Rand was not quite satisfied with the look of things, and he said as much to Miss Sawyer.

She seemed really worked up over the unfortunate affair, and so Rand left her to return to his lady friend, Miss Arden. She saw at a glance that he had failed; it was nothing more than she had expected, however.

"You were not successful?" she asked mechanically.

"Not quite," he said.

"Not quite?"

Her brown eyes, moist with unshed

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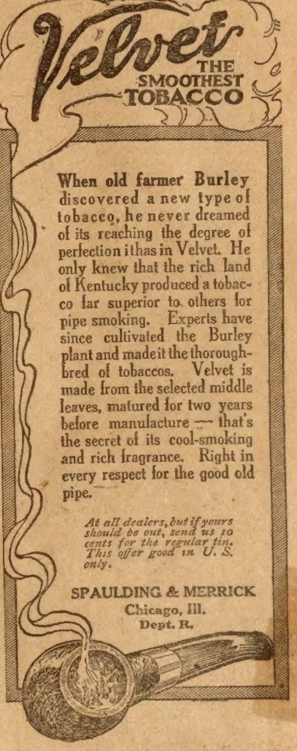

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There are many ways of managing a husband; being a good cook is one of them.

Few men would reach the top if they depended upon their neighbors for a boost.

At the age of 30 some girls act as if they would soon be old enough to go to school.

Anyway, you never see a man wearing his diamond collar button at the back of his neck.

And it sometimes happens that when a man puts his best foot forward he gets his leg pulled.

The still, small voice may be accounted for on the ground that conscience doesn't care to strain its vocal cords.

Nearly every 15 year old boy is firmly convinced that when he grows up he will be a great improvement on his father.

tears, daunted him. The tremble of her full red lip, the delicate flush of cheek and brow, seemed to go over him like a shot.

"There's no need to despair," he cried quickly. "I know the man who got your package, and it will be only a matter of a few hours ere we get possession of it again. Meantime you go back to Mrs. Trenton's. I will run down our man and see that you lose nothing by this little comedy of errors."

"Errors all right," sighed she; "but it's more like a tragedy than comedy to me, Mr. Calcraft."

"Whichever it is you shall laugh over it before night."

They walked along in close consultation, too busily engaged to notice that they were being watched by two men from the opposite side of the street.

One of these men wore a green patch over one eye, besides which he had shaved his mustache, thus completely disguising himself, for be it known, this man was no less a person than big Jim Hadley, detective and deputy sheriff, who has figured in the early part of our story. He had with him Silas Fogg, a sleuth from the City of the Straits.

Hadley had sent the bumptious Mr. Legrand Troth about his business, having soon discovered the shallow nature of the man and his proneness to lose his self-poise, always at the wrong moment. Fogg was an experienced detective, one whom Officer Hadley knew he could trust. These two had often been on cases in company and had generally been successful.

The deputy sheriff had not gone far from the village. He had telephoned for his helper and waited around in the near vicinity of the land-cruiser, rightly judging that the young fellow would not stop long away from the society of the charming Miss Arden.

The two men shadowed Rand and his companion to the home of the Trentons after which Hadley remained on the watch while Fogg went to procure a vehicle. Hadley had planned to seize the object of his search and bear her away during the absence of the land-cruiser.

Calcraft passed the disguised officer as he hurried away from his cousin's house. Half turning afterward, the land-cruiser scanned the queer, bent, apparently old man, a half-formed suspicion growing in his mind.

"Queer looking guy," muttered he. "Has a familiar look, too."

The young man watched the stranger till he saw him pass the house, then resumed his walk. Rand was full of his project to hunt down the professor and regain the property of Miss Arden. He realized that this was to be no small job. He had instructed Imelda not to show herself to passers-by during his absence, assuring her that he would return by night in any event.

He could see that the girl was uneasy and very much cast down. Even his own splendid optimism failed to impress her as he would have liked.

His thought to visit the Kranbournes was cast aside, now that Imelda was once more within touch. The girl, whom he had known such a short time, impressed him more strongly than he cared to acknowledge even to himself. The magnetism of her glance thrilled and drew him long after he was beyond its influence.

Once again he turned and looked back as he was going from the sight of his cousin's home. He saw the man with the patched eye standing on the steps talking with the mistress of the house. Even then Calcraft had no suspicion of the truth, that his distressed maid was in deadly peril. He turned after a moment and walked on.

Mrs. Trenton answered a sharp ring at the door bell.

A queer looking man stood on the step, one eye blinded by a green patch. He asked for a drink and a bite to eat. An ordinary tramp, thought Mrs. Trenton.

She asked the man in and placed a chair for him.

Soon she had a meal placed upon the dining table to which the caller sat and began eating as though half starved. In an adjoining room sat Miss Arden, a prey to many conflicting emotions. Mrs. Trenton came in presently and spoke about having a visitor.

"A queer looking man," remarked she, "evidently a poor tramp."

"And are you in the habit of feeding tramps?" asked the girl.

"No, not often. I am a bit afraid of such creatures, you know. Now that you are here I feel brave," and the woman laughed.

"I don't know that I should be any great protection," said Imelda.

"I think you must be courageous to go about dressed as a boy. Oh, I know all about it, you see," laughed Mrs. Trenton.

"He told you—Mr. Calcraft?"

"Yes, but he explained that you were togged out that way to save yourself from enemies. He has defended you most valiantly—"

"I do not care!" indignantly. "He should not have told."

And then the door burst open; across the floor surged the man with the green-patched eye. He sprang at Imelda.

This mysterious story will be continued in next week's Ledger. Watch the Ledger in the coming months and you will find in it some of the most interesting stories ever written. With every month we will try to give you a better and more entertaining paper, so if you are not already a subscriber, you better send in a year's subscription and have the Ledger regularly. Take our advice and attend to this today.

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A Broken Life-Preserver.

When Mr. Homer Davenport was a boy roller skating reached Silverton. In his book, "The Country Boy," he tells of his plan to learn without getting hurt, as he thought falling about the skating rink was no joke. He borrowed a pair of overalls of the stoutest man in the village, and a long pillow from his mother's bed, and believed the game as good as won when he entered the door of the rink.

I lowered the pillow into the seat of the overalls after I had put them on, and then got a boy to hold the pillow up against my back while I put my vest over it, and I dived out into the thick of the skaters. To my astonishment, I didn't fall. I leaned back and tried to fall once to see how it would be, and I really couldn't. I'd been skating fifteen minutes when I did fall, but fell forward and slammed my hands on the floor.

An elderly lady, who had had some troubles of her own that afternoon, skated up to me and told me she thought perhaps we went at it too fast; so we were leaning against the wall talking over the scientific points of it, when I gave the audience a rare treat.

While leaning there talking, all at once my feet, that were close together, started, and rolled out toward the middle of the room. I don't think I bent a finger, but I fell exactly like a tree, and lo and behold! the pillow burst. It must have been five minutes before they got through laughing all over the house. In that time the feathers were so thick they followed in a boiling streak after every skater.

The manager declared a recess of 10 minutes while they swept out the hall, and at this point came another big laugh, as three men had been sweeping 20 minutes and they hadn't got over three feathers out into the street.

Some fellow suggested sprinkling, so they did; but most of them were in the air and wouldn't come down to be sprinkled, so they had to close the rink for the afternoon.

The manager of the rink tried to collect damages from my father, and I think there was a compromise made.

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She Missed Widowhood.

Excitement with a capital E broke out at the Riverside bathing beach about 6 o'clock one Sunday evening, when a woman rushed wildly into the office and declared that her husband had been drowned after diving off the high tower.

"Are you quite sure," asked manager Bowser.

"Sure? Of course I'm sure! Do you think I'm a fool," she screamed. "He dived off that thing at 3 o'clock and that was the last I saw of him. Haven't seen him since, and I know he's in there."

Bowser and his life guards were preparing to make a search in order to satisfy her when she stepped over to the telephone.

"I—I must call up home and tell them what has happened. The children must come," she said, twitching her hands as if regretting to touch the telephone to convey such a sad message. Finally she reached for the receiver and called for a number.

"Hello," she said, sadly. "Hello, children, this is mama. Chil—why, is that you? Hugh? Speak again. Why, how did you get home? I'm still here. I'm still here and they're going to hunt for you in the water. Now, this is a nice mess and—"

She turned to Bowser, and, in sheepish tone, murmured:

"He's home."

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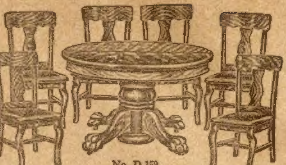
Most Important Point.

When Mrs. Follett returned from her month's visit to her old home, Mr. Follett was unfeignedly delighted to have her back. It was when supper was over and she was clearing the dishes from the table that Mr. Follett unlocked his desk, and taking from it a sheet of paper much creased and none too fair, said:

"Jane, I've got a poem here that I worked on most of the time whilst you were away. 'It's dedicated to you, and it's called 'How I Miss You.' Now I'll read it out to you."

There was a glow in Mrs. Follett's face and a warmth round her heart as she listened to the poem. Its halting measures and curious rhymes sounded sweet in her ears—but she was a practical soul.

"That's real pretty, and I want it preserved," she said, when the poem was finished, "but there's one thing I notice: you tell how you miss me, but you don't say when. If you's to make it real truthful, same as folks do the story books nowadays, wouldn't you have to slip in a verse indicating that the times you missed me most came when you were cooking your meals, washing the dishes and trying to find a whole pair o' socks—not when you were sitting on the porch with Ib Hobbs and Si Jennings."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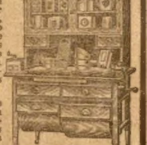
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LORD ROTHLEY'S BRIDE;

Or, From Pawnshop to Castle

By Emma Howard Wight

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CHAPTER IX.

THE HAND OF A MURDERER.

LORD ROTHLEY'S hand dropped to his side and he recoiled a step or two.

Lady Rothley uttered a startled exclamation.

"Jacob, you must be mad!" she cried.

"No, I am not mad," Jacob replied, with strange calmness. "Ask that man," he lifted his hand and pointed at Lord Rothley, "if he was not in the pawnbroking shop of Silas Herne in Little King street on the morning of last May, the fifth."

Lady Rothley looked questioningly at her husband.

He quietly inclined his head.

"I was in a pawnbroking shop in Little King street on the morning of May the fifth." Lady Rothley was staring at him while all the color faded from her face. "I went there for the purpose of redeeming a watch I had pawned a few weeks previous. I had quite forgotten the name of the proprietor of the shop. Was this Silas Herne your father, Elsie?"

She mutely inclined her head. She seemed, for the time, incapable of speaking.

"You returned to the shop on the night of May the fifth," said Jacob, "and murdered Silas Herne. You murdered him for the purpose of stealing that necklace your wife is wearing."

"My wife is right, you are indeed mad," Lord Rothley declared. "I did not return to the pawnbroking shop. The necklace you claim I took," he smiled contemptuously, "is a part of the Rothley family jewels."

"It is the same necklace that was pawned in your presence and was afterward stolen," declared Jacob, with great firmness.

"I did not take particular notice of the necklace that was pawned while I was in the shop," said Lord Rothley. "But it is highly improbable that it could be the same necklace that my wife is wearing."

In grim silence Jacob turned from him, took up his hat and started for the door, a set purpose in his rigidly compressed lips and somber eyes.

Lady Rothley sprang after him and caught his arm.

"What are you going to do, Jacob?" she asked, pantingly.

"I am going to have the murderer of your father brought to justice," he replied.

"No, no!" she protested passionately.

Jacob looked at her in wondering reproach.

"You would allow your father's murder to go unavenged?" he questioned.

"Yes," she replied, "if the avenging of my father's death means——" she paused, shuddered and covered her face with her hands.

Lord Rothley made an involuntary movement toward her, stopped suddenly, and turning, quietly addressed Jacob.

"You accuse me of returning to the shop on the night of May the fifth for the purpose of murdering Silas Herne," he said. "Upon what do you base your assertion?"

"Upon the evidence of my own eyes," replied Jacob.

"You are either making a false assertion for some purpose of your own," said Lord Rothley, "or you are laboring under an extraordinary delusion."

"I would have no motive in falsely accusing you of the murder of Silas Herne," said Jacob, quietly. "And I am not laboring under a delusion. You came into the shop between eight and nine o'clock on the night of May the fifth. I was alone in the shop and you asked to see Mr. Herne. I went out and sent him to you. About half an hour later, I returned to the shop and found Silas Herne dead, murdered, and the necklace gone. And, now, the time has come for me to avenge his death."

"Listen to me, Jacob," said Lady Rothley. "If you loved my father, you will not bring unspeakable sorrow and misery upon his child."

The old man started and looked at her with a curious, questioning expression in his eyes. She was sadly changed from the radiant creature who had entered the room hardly half an hour before. The beautiful face was white, the lips tremulous, the eyes full of anguish and dread.

Jacob knew well how dearly Silas Herne had loved his child, that her happiness was his first thought in life, that there was no sacrifice he would not have made to save her from sorrow. "If you loved my father, you will not bring unspeakable sorrow and misery upon his child." His lips repeated mutely the words. They were the death-knell of that which had become the dearest hope of his life—the avenging of Silas Herne's cruel death.

It was some moments before he spoke. "You are right," he said, at length, dully. "I loved your father too well to bring sorrow upon his child." He turned from her to Lord Rothley. "You are safe from me. Mine cannot be the hand to bring you to justice. I must leave you to—God."

He turned and walked slowly, feebly toward the door. With a shaking hand, he put aside the portieres and passed out.

A long, quivering sigh broke from Lady Rothley's lips; slowly, reluctantly, she turned and looked at her husband.

"My God! Elsie," he cried, his face paling, "don't look at me like that. My wife, my darling, surely you do not believe what that old man asserts? You cannot believe that I murdered your father?"

"Oh, it seems too cruel, too dreadful!" she cried, wildly.

"Elsie!" He started toward her with outstretched arms. She shrank from him and he stopped, his arms falling heavily to his sides.

It was a moment or so before he spoke and the calmness of his voice and manner were in strange contrast to the deadly paleness of his face.

"You do believe me guilty?" he said.

"Oh, no, no! that would be too terrible; it would drive me mad," she cried. "Edward, Edward, help me, pity me!"

"I do pity you very much," he said, with great gentleness. "And I want to help you—and myself. There is but one way to do that, to get at the truth of your father's death, to bring home the crime to the man who committed it. From this hour that will be the one purpose of my life. And until that purpose is achieved, until every doubt is swept from your mind, until I am completely and entirely exonerated, I shall make no demands either upon your love or your duty. You shall be my wife in name only."

"Oh, Edward," she moaned, wringing her white jeweled hands together in anguish, "do not put me away from you in this, the hour of my greatest need. Save me from myself. I have loved you so dearly, you are my husband. Help me to believe in you, to keep my faith in you in spite of all."

He shook his head with a faint, sad smile.

"You would try to believe in me, to have faith in me," he said, "but there would always be the black shadow of a doubt between us. There would be times when you would shrink from me as you shrank a moment ago, and I could not bear it. We would both be miserable."

She sank upon a couch, covered her face with her hands and sobbed pitifully. She knew that he spoke the truth, that there could be neither peace nor happiness for him or for her under the conditions existing.

He stood gazing upon her for a moment, as she lay there in an abandonment of woe, with a great yearning in his eyes, then he turned away and left her.

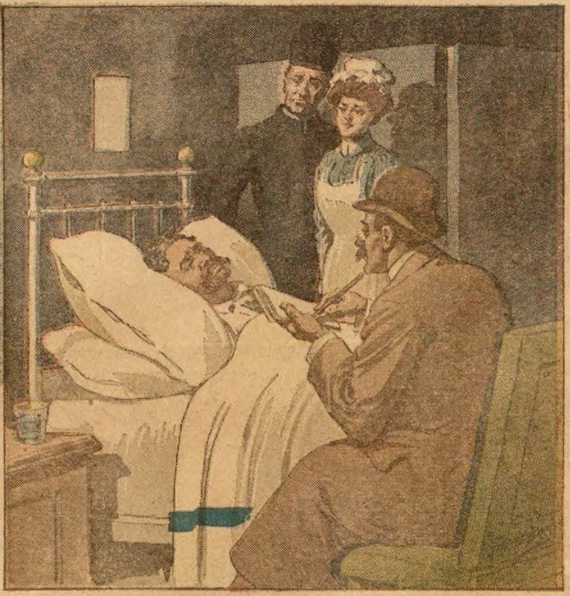
CHAPTER X.

MYSTERY OF THE NECKLACE.

Upon the afternoon of the day following, Lord Rothley was seated in his library with one of the cleverest detectives of Scotland Yard, Henry Wade, a short, stout man, with a fresh colored face and languid blue eyes.

Lord Rothley had telephoned to Scotland Yard for one of their cleverest detectives and Wade had responded.

In reply to his inquiry, Detective Wade informed Lord Rothley that he had read all about the murder in Little King street in the newspapers at the time it had occurred.



"I succeeded in obtaining a confession from him."

"Then you are aware that a young man of the name Edward Stanhope is suspected of the murder?" queried Lord Rothley.

The detective bowed.

"I am that man," declared Lord Rothley.

If Lord Rothley expected the detective to display any astonishment he was mistaken. Detective Wade displayed neither astonishment nor any signs of being startled.

"Indeed?" he murmured, imperturbably.

"I learned last night, for the first time, that I was suspected of the murder," Lord Rothley continued. "I married the daughter of Silas Herne. Last night Jacob Sterin, Silas Herne's clerk, accused me of the murder. It is quite true, as he asserts, that I was present when the diamond necklace was pawned. But he also claims that I returned the same night and murdered Silas Herne and that the necklace my wife was wearing last night is the one that was pawned and afterward stolen. I did not return to the pawnbroking shop of Silas Herne on the night the murder was committed and the necklace came to me with the Rothley family jewels. I was a poor man when I succeeded my cousin; there were times when I was desperately hard up. My business in the shop of Silas Herne on the morning of May the fifth was to redeem my watch which I had pawned several weeks previous."

"Did you notice a similarity in the Rothley necklace to the one you had seen in the pawnbroker's shop, Lord Rothley?" asked the detective.

"No," replied Lord Rothley, "it would never have occurred to me to compare them. To tell you the truth, I had entirely forgotten the incident in the shop."

"Are you in a position to prove an alibi at the time the murder was committed, Lord Rothley?"

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Lord Rothley reflected a moment before replying.

"I am afraid not," he replied, at length. "I was doing night reporting for the Daily Chronicle at the time, and I do not know myself just where I was between the hours of eight and nine when the murder is said to have been committed. On the day following the murder, the sixth of May, my cousin and his wife were killed. On the morning of the eighth I received a letter from the lawyers informing me of the death of my cousin."

The detective smiled grimly.

"And your identity as Edward Stanhope was lost by the detectives employed by Jacob Sterin," he remarked.

"So Jacob Sterin was actually trying to hunt me down," said Lord Rothley, with a frown. "Perhaps he was tempted by the value of the necklace to murder his employer to secure it and concocted this story of my coming to the shop that night to divert suspicion from himself."

"That is a theory that might be taken into consideration if the necklace had not turned up among the Rothley family jewels," declared the detective.

"That is the mysterious part of it," said Lord Rothley.

"Jacob Sterin declared at the inquest that the necklace was pawned by a woman in high position," said the detective. "How did she impress you?"

"She did not impress me at all until she spoke," Lord Rothley replied. "I knew at once that she was a cultured, highbred woman. I glanced at her a little keenly, but I could tell nothing from her appearance. She wore a long, dark, loose cloak and was heavily veiled."

"Jacob Sterin stated at the inquest that you saw Silas Herne place the necklace in the safe in the wall and return the key to his pocket?"

Lord Rothley shrugged his shoulders.

"I could hardly help seeing him as I was standing beside the woman who pawned the necklace, but I did not pay any particular attention. The fact that I saw no similarity between the Rothley necklace and the necklace that was pawned goes to show how little attention I gave the matter in the shop."

"This Jacob Sterin had done all in his power to bring the murderer of Silas Herne to justice," said Detective Wade. "What does he intend doing now that he thinks he has discovered the murderer?"

"He will do nothing."

"That is due to the fact that you are the husband of Silas Herne's daughter?" suggested the detective.

"That is correct. His first intention was to denounce me at once; he relinquished it, however, at the entreaties of my wife." He paused a moment and then added, passionately, "Mr. Wade, my happiness, my peace of mind are at stake. I must fathom the mystery of Silas Herne's death. I will pay you five thousand pounds if you discover the murderer."

"I will do my best, Lord Rothley," said the detective, quietly, as he arose.

"God grant that you may succeed," said Lord Rothley, with great earnestness.

CHAPTER XI.

AN ENEMY OF SILAS HERNE.

Detective Wade went from Rothley house to the shop in Little King street. Jacob Sterin was alone in the shop when he entered. The old man looked weary and abstracted. He glanced indifferently at the detective and inquired what his business was.

"I want to have a talk with you about the murder of Silas Herne," the detective explained.

Jacob gave a quick start and his indifference vanished.

"Who are you?" he asked. "And why are you interested in the murder?"

"My name is Henry Wade. I am a detective from Scotland Yard, and I am in search of the murderer of Silas Herne, at Lord Rothley's request."

Jacob looked at him keenly. "Might not Lord Rothley himself be guilty?" he asked.

"I cannot pretend to say who is guilty until I have investigated and weighed the evidence. First, I would like to know all that is possible about Silas Herne's life? Do you know if he had an enemy?" queried Detective Wade.

Jacob reflected a moment before replying.

"Yes, Silas Herne had one enemy," he said, at length.

"Ah?" murmured the detective. "Who is this enemy?"

"Paola Serrano, an Italian," replied Jacob. "But it is wasted time to speak of him. The man who murdered Silas Herne did it with the purpose of stealing the diamond necklace."

"I am by no means sure of that," declared the detective. "I do not believe the necklace was stolen. I think it was redeemed."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Jacob.

"Why impossible?"

"If the necklace had been redeemed there would have been a record in the books to that effect."

"Silas Herne may have been murdered before he had time to make a record."

"Admitting that, there still would have been the ticket and the three thousand pounds to show for it."

"The money may have been stolen by the man who committed the murder and the ticket may have been lost. Have you ever made a thorough search for the ticket?"

Jacob shook his head.

"It never occurred to me to do so. The tickets are kept in a drawer under the counter. There was no such ticket in the drawer."

"That does not prove to my satisfaction that the necklace was not redeemed. Now, I want you to tell me about this enemy of Silas Herne."

"Serrano kept a wine-shop around the corner of Little King street," Jacob began. "He was connected with a gang of professional burglars and the shop was only a blind and used also as a place of meeting. Serrano brought a great many valuable articles of all kinds here to sell, until Mr. Herne began to suspect there was something wrong and he put the detectives on Serrano's track. It ended in Serrano being arrested, tried, convicted and sent to prison for seven years. Serrano swore that he would be revenged upon Mr. Herne. But he could not have committed the murder for his time will not be up for three months yet."

"Prisoners are sometimes released before their time is up," said the detective. "The vindictiveness of the Italian is well known. He never forgives and, sooner or later, he will have his revenge. From the nature of the wound, Silas Herne was stabbed by a slender instrument, very like a stiletto, the favorite weapon of the Italian."

"I would be indeed glad if it could be proven that Paola Serrano committed the murder and that Elsie's husband is innocent," said Jacob. "I hope that I may have been wrong in my suspicions, but," with a despondent shake of the head, "I am afraid they are only too correct. Why did Edward Stanhope return here the night of the murder?"

"Are you positive that it was Edward Stanhope?" asked Detective Wade. "You may have mistaken some one else for him."

Jacob shook his head.

"No," he declared, "I recognized him the moment I saw him. He was differently dressed and had a soft hat pulled low over his brow, but he was the same man."

"Would you have recognized him by his voice if you had not seen his face?" asked the detective.

Jacob hesitated a moment before replying.

"I am not sure that I would," he finally admitted. "I mean by the tone of his voice. His manner of speaking was the same—that of a cultured, educated man."

"When you recognized in Lord Rothley Edward Stanhope did you not instinctively think of him as the man who was in the shop in the morning of May the fifth?"

Jacob gave the detective a surprised glance.

"Why, yes," he replied. "How did you guess that?"

The detective smiled.

"Oh, there is just a little psychological point involved from which I made a deduction. It remains to be proved whether or not it was a correct one." He laughed softly at Jacob's look of bewilderment. "But never mind that now. Some day, perhaps, I'll explain. There is something I want you to do—make a thorough search for that pawn ticket."

"Very well," said Jacob, resignedly. "I'll do it, but I am sure there won't be any such ticket found in this shop."

"If you should happen to find it," remarked the detective, taking from his wallet a card and handing it to Jacob, "just drop me a line to this address."

He nodded pleasantly and turned to go out.

"It's not likely you'll hear from me," Jacob declared, doggedly.

"Stranger things than that have happened," said Detective Wade, smiling over his shoulder at Jacob, as he passed out into the street.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SKELETON.

Upon the following morning, Detective Wade made an early call on Lord Rothley. The latter came quickly into the library, where the detective awaited him. He looked pale and worn, but eagerly expectant.

The detective stopped the eager question on his lips by remarking, quietly:

"I have come to you, my lord, for certain information."

The eagerness faded from Lord Rothley's eyes. He suppressed a sigh as he replied:

"I am at your service, Mr. Wade. It was foolish of me to hope that you had some news for me," he added, with a smile. "You could hardly have made any discoveries in so short a time."

The detective did not contradict him.

"Lord Rothley, was the late Lady Rothley a woman of extravagant habits?" he asked, as they sat down. "I mean to the extent of contracting debts that she would desire to keep from the knowledge of her husband?" As Lord Rothley gave a quick, questioning glance, he added, quietly, "If you can afford me any information on this point, I must ask you to do so. It is very essential to the matter I have in hand."

Lord Rothley gave a slight start.

"You believe that the diamond necklace was pawned by Lady Rothley?" he exclaimed.

"I am rather inclined to think so," the detective admitted. "Such methods to raise money have been used before by ladies in Lady Rothley's position in life."

Lord Rothley was silent, for a moment or so, then he said, with quiet impressiveness:

"There was skeleton, Mr. Wade, in the Rothley closet. Lady Rothley was addicted to gambling. It was inherited, in her blood, and, when the craving would seize her, she would gratify it at all costs. In this way she squandered large sums of money. If she pawned the necklace it was to obtain money to gamble or to pay some pressing gambling debts. But admitting the necklace was pawned by Lady Rothley, it could not have been among the Rothley jewels if it was stolen from the shop of Silas Herne."

"It may have been redeemed," suggested the detective.

"In that case, there would have been a record in the books and the ticket to show for it," Lord Rothley objected.

"That is what Jacob Sterin urges, but Silas Herne may have been killed before he had time to make the record and the ticket may be lost."

Lord Rothley shook his head despondently.

"Its a most mysterious affair, a tangled skein," he declared. "I can only hope that you be able to unravel it, Mr. Wade."

"Lord and Lady Rothley were in London at the time Silas Herne was murdered, were they not?" asked the detective.

"Yes. It was the day following the murder, the sixth of May, that they started for Rothley Towers in Lord Rothley's automobile. Lord Rothley was rendered very miserable by his wife's vice and it was whispered that their death was not accidental."

"What sort of a looking man was the late Lord Rothley?" inquired the detective.

Lord Rothley smiled.

"When I tell you that he and I bore a striking, not to say startling, resemblance to each other, you can judge for yourself what he looked like," he replied.

"Ah, indeed," murmured the detective, thoughtfully.

"We were so much alike that when I first went to Rothley Towers, I frightened the people. They took me for my cousin's ghost."

"That was rather annoying, I should think," remarked the detective. "By the way, did you retain the servants of the late Lord Rothley?"

"Yes, with one or two exceptions. Lord Rothley's valet and Lady Rothley's maid left my service to be married a week or so after I came to Rothley Towers."

"Do you know where I can find them?"

"No; but very likely Jennings, my butler, can afford you the information," and he arose and rang the bell.

A footman answered the bell and Lord Rothley instructed him to send Jennings to the library. The footman withdrew and Jennings promptly appeared. In reply to Lord Rothley's inquiry, he stated that the late valet and lady's maid were living at 12 Amsterdam avenue where they were running a hairdressing and manicure establishment.

Detective Wade made a note of the address and took his departure.

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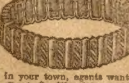

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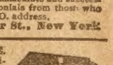

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envelope, "Jacob Sterin, Pawnbroker, 19 Little King Street, N. W., London." Very leisurely he broke the seal. The letter contained but one line and was signed, "Jacob Sterin."

"I have found the ticket."

CHAPTER XIII.

A week passed during which Lord Rothley heard nothing from the detective. It had been the most miserable week of Lord Rothley's life and equally miserable to his beautiful wife. He read her suffering in her face, in the fading of her lovely color and the pathetic sadness in her eyes. Sometimes the longing to take her in his arms and comfort her with tender words and fond caresses was almost more than Lord Rothley could bear, but he conquered it. That black shadow still lay between them and would only fade away when the mystery of Silas Herne's tragic death was solved.

At times a sickening fear possessed Lord Rothley that the tangled skein might never be unraveled. The detective he had employed was one of the cleverest in England, but even he might fail.

So, one afternoon, when Detective Wade was announced, Lord Rothley would permit himself to hope very much that the detective was the bearer of good news.

The detective smiled a little as he glanced at Lord Rothley's dejected face.

"Well, my lord," he said, briskly, "the mystery of the diamond necklace is solved."

Lord Rothley started and turned white.

"And — and the murder?" he murmured.

"Ditto," replied the detective, briefly, but significantly.

Lord Rothley dropped into a chair, white, trembling, completely overcome for the time. The detective took a seat and waited for him to recover himself. After a moment the color returned to Lord Rothley's face and his eyes grew bright and eager.

"Tell me, tell me all," he said.

"Silas Herne was murdered by an Italian named Paola Serrano," the detective began. "The pawnbroker had been the means of sending Serrano to prison for burglary and the Italian killed him in revenge. So much for the murder in brief. The diamond necklace was pawned by Lady Rothley either to obtain money to gamble or to pay gambling debts, which I am not able to say. The necklace was not stolen, it was redeemed by Lord Rothley."

A look of comprehension lighted Lord Rothley's eyes.

"And Jacob Sterin mistook my cousin for myself," he exclaimed.

"Exactly," declared the detective.

"But how did you manage to get to the bottom of it all?" asked Lord Rothley, wonderingly.

"I'll give you all the particulars," the detective replied. He told of his visit to the pawnbroker's shop and his interview with Jacob Sterin. "I thought it more than probable that Silas Herne had been murdered by the Italian, Paola Serrano," he went on, "but I first wished to clear up the mystery of the diamond necklace. The information you afforded me in regard to Lord and Lady Rothley gave me a pretty clear idea as to the true state of affairs regarding the necklace; also threw light on Jacob Sterin's statement and belief, for I was convinced that he was sincere in his assertion, that you had returned to the shop the night of the murder. But it was necessary to substantiate my theories.

"Now a lady's maid and a gentleman's valet are in a position to know a great deal of the private life of those they serve. I knew I could not be far wrong in seeking the information I wanted from the late valet and maid of Lord and Lady Rothley. I went to 12 Amsterdam avenue and had a most satisfactory interview with Monsieur and Madame La Rue. From Madame La Rue, ex-lady's maid, I obtained the following information relative to the diamond necklace:

"She had missed the diamond necklace from Lady Rothley's jewel case on the afternoon of May the fifth. She had gone to Lady Rothley and told her that the necklace was missing. Lady Rothley admitted that she had pawned the necklace. I have an idea that it was by no means the first time that Lady Rothley had pawned her jewels, for the maid was evidently quite prepared to learn that the necklace had been pawned. Lady Rothley declared to the maid that she would soon redeem the necklace.

"That night Lord and Lady Rothley were going to the opera. After Lady Rothley's toilet was completed, Lord Rothley came into her dressingroom. The jewel case was on the dresser. Lord Rothley requested Lady Rothley to wear the identical necklace she had pawned, declaring it would go perfectly with her costume and he went up to the jewel case to find it. Failing to do so, he turned to his wife and asked her where the necklace was. At that juncture, the maid discreetly withdrew.

"About twenty minutes later Lady Rothley's bell rang. The maid found her in tears. She told the maid that Lord Rothley had made her tell him about the necklace and that there had been a scene. Lord Rothley had demanded the pawn ticket and left her. She told the maid to undress her as they would not go out that night. About an hour later, Lord Rothley's valet brought a small package to the dressingroom door and delivered it to the maid. The maid carried it to Lady Rothley and it was found to be the diamond necklace. Lady Rothley told the maid to put it in the jewel case which she did. The next morning Lord Rothley started with his wife for Rothley Towers in his automobile. The maid and valet were to pack up and follow later by train. The maid declared that Lady Rothley was bitterly opposed to going to Rothley Towers, but Lord Rothley, who looked very pale and determined, forced her to go. The maid thought, at the time, that Lord Rothley was taking his wife to Rothley Towers where she would have no opportunity of indulging her vice.

"From the valet I learned that Lord Rothley had returned to his dressing-room on the night of May the fifth looking pale and disturbed. He told the valet to bring him a light overcoat and a soft hat, that he was obliged to go out. The valet brought the overcoat and hat and Lord Rothley left the dressingroom. As near as the valet could recollect it was then about ten minutes after eight. Lord Rothley returned in about an hour and gave the package to the valet to deliver to Lady Rothley. The valet stated that Lord Rothley was a very unhappy man on account of his wife being addicted to gambling and that he appeared especially miserable the night before they started for Rothley Towers. Both he and his wife are evidently inclined to believe that Lord Rothley, in a despairing mood, had put an end to his own and his wife's life.

"The pawn ticket was found by Jacob Sterin in a crevice between the counter and the drawer where it must have slipped when Silas Herne pushed it into the drawer as he supposed."

Lord Rothley drew a long breath. He had listened almost breathlessly to the detective.

"Now tell me about the murder," he said.

"The next day after my visit to 12 Amsterdam avenue, I went to Ludgate prison," resumed the detective. "I found that Paola Serrano had been released a little over a year previous, his term having been shortened for good behavior. I succeeded in tracing Serrano to Liverpool where, it appears, he had made his home since his release from prison, working in a low sort of restaurant. I found him in the hospital dying from a wound in the breast which he had received in a drunken brawl."

"Dying as his victim died," murmured Lord Rothley. "'Vengeance is Mine.'"

"He was beyond all human justice," said the detective. "I succeeded in obtaining a confession from him without much difficulty. He had been a Catholic and he wanted to die in that church. He made a confession in the presence of the Catholic priest in attendance upon him, one of the hospital physicians and a nurse.

"He had never faltered in his determination to be avenged upon Silas Herne. The day after his release from prison, the fifth of May, he disguised himself and went to London with the intention of killing Silas Herne. He went to the shop between eight and nine o'clock. Silas Herne and a man, in a light overcoat and soft hat, pulled low over his brows, were in the shop. The latter had evidently redeemed something of value and had just finished counting out some money to Silas Herne. A pile of notes and some gold lay on the counter. The safe in the wall was open. The man left the shop. Silas Herne turned to Serrano and asked him what his business was. Serrano went up to him and stabbed him to the heart with a stiletto. He then caught up the money from the counter and left the shop. He opened a fruit and wine shop in Liverpool, but luck seemed to be against him, he never prospered, he lost everything and had to go to work as a waiter in a restaurant. He died the next day after making his confession."

"Well, Mr. Wade," said Lord Rothley, his handsome face radiant, "you have not only earned your five thousand pounds, but you have won my deepest gratitude," and he held out his hand to the detective.

A little later, Lord Rothley entered his wife's boudoir where she was sitting with the book she had been trying to read lying upon her lap, her sweet face pale and weary.

She looked up as her husband entered. One glance at his face and she started to her feet, her eyes fixed upon him breathlessly.

He went up to her and gently took her hand.

"Elsie," he said, quietly, but with great tenderness, "the dark shadow that lay between you and me has faded away."

"You mean——?" she half whispered.

"That the murderer of your father has been discovered—yes," he replied, with great gentleness.

She shivered and the color which had come into her cheeks faded.

"Who—who did it?" she asked, with a shudder.

He drew her down upon a couch, and, holding her close to his breast, told her all

"I told old Jacob that God would avenge my father's death," she said, when Lord Rothley had finished.

"You must forget it all now, my darling," said Lord Rothley, and his kisses brought the lovely pink color into her cheeks. "We have both been very miserable, but the black cloud has lifted and the sun shines again over our lives."

The end.

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Famous Ghost Stories

THE SIGNAL-MAN

By Charles Dickens

"HALLOA! Below there!"

When he heard a voice thus calling to him, he was standing at the door of his box, with a flag in his [illegible], furled around [illegible] short pole. One would have thought, considering the nature of the ground, that he could not have doubted from what quarter the voice came; but instead of looking up to where I stood on the top of the steep cutting nearly over his head, he turned himself about and looked down the Line. There was something remarkable in his manner of doing so, though I could not have said for my life what. But I know it was remarkable enough to attract my notice, even though his figure was foreshortened and shadowed, down in the deep trench, and mine was high above him, so steeped in the glow of an angry sunset that I had shaded my eyes with my hand before I saw him at all.

"Halloa! Below!"

From looking down the Line, he turned himself about again and, raising his eyes, saw my figure high above him.

"Is there any path by which I can come down and speak to you?"

He looked up at me without replying, and I looked down at him without pressing him too soon with a repetition of my idle question. Just then there came a vague vibration in the earth and air, quickly changing into a violent pulsation, and an oncoming rush that caused me to start back, as though it had force to draw me down. When such vapor as rose to my height from this rapid train [illegible], and was skimming away over the landscape, I looked down again, and [illegible] him refurling the flag he had shown while the train went by.

I [illegible] my inquiry. After a pause, during which he seemed to regard me with fixed attention, he motioned with his rolled-up flag toward a point on my level, some two or three hundred yards distant. I called down to him, "All right!" and made for that point. There, by dint of looking closely about me, I found a rough zigzag descending path notched out, which I followed.

The cutting was extremely deep, and unusually precipitate. It was made [illegible] a clammy stone, that became [illegible]r and wetter as I went down. For these reasons I found the way long enough to give me time to recall a singular air of reluctance or compulsion with which he had pointed out the path.

When I came down low enough upon the zigzag descent to see him again, I saw that he was standing between the rails on the way by which the train had lately passed, in an attitude as if he were waiting for me to appear. He had his left hand at his chin, and that left elbow rested on his right hand, crossed over his breast. His attitude was one of such expectation and watchfulness that I stopped a moment, wondering at it.

I resumed my downward way, and [illegible] upon the level of the railroad, and drawing nearer to him, saw that he was a dark, sallow man, with a [illegible] and rather heavy eyebrows. [illegible] was in as solitary and dismal a [illegible] as ever I saw. On either side, a [illegible]-wet wall of jagged stone, excluding all view but a strip of sky; the perspective one way only a crooked prolongation of this great dungeon; the [illegible] perspective in the other direction terminating in a gloomy red light, and the gloomier entrance to a black tunnel, in whose massive architecture there was a barbarous, depressing, and forbidding air. So little sunlight ever found its way to this spot that it had an earthy, [illegible] smell; and so much cold wind rushed through it that it struck chill to [illegible] as if I had left the natural world.

Before he stirred, I was near enough to him to have touched him. Not even [illegible] his eyes from mine, he [illegible] step and lifted his hand.

[illegible] a lonesome post to occupy [illegible] and it had riveted my attention [illegible] looked down from up yonder. A [illegible] was a rarity, I should suppose; [illegible]lcome rarity, I hop[illegible] saw a man who had been [illegible] narrow limits all his [illegible] being at last set free, had [illegible]ened interest in these great [illegible] purpose I spoke to him, [illegible] from sure of the terms I [illegible]sides that I am not happy [illegible] conversation, there was [illegible] in the man that daunted me.

[illegible] toward [illegible] near the tunnel's mouth, [illegible]ll about it, as if something [illegible]ng from it, and then looked at [illegible]

That light was part of his charge? Was it not?

He answered in a low voice: "Don't you know [illegible]"

The monstrous thought came into my mind, as I perused the fixed eyes and saturnine face, that this was a spirit, not a man. I have speculated since, whether there may have been infection in his mind.

In my turn, I stepped back. But in making the action, I detected in his eyes some latent fear of me. This put the monstrous thought to flight.

"You look at me," I said, forcing a smile, "as if you had a dread of me."

"I was doubtful," he returned, "whether I had seen you before."

"Where?"

He pointed to the red light he had looked at.

"There?" I said.

Intently watchful of me, he replied (but without sound), "Yes."

"My good fellow, what should I do there? However, be that as it may, I never was there, you may swear."

"I think I may," he rejoined. "Yes; I am sure I may."

His manner cleared, like my own. He replied to my remarks with readiness, and in well-chosen words. Had he much to do there? Yes; that was to say, he had enough responsibility to bear; but exactness and watchfulness were what was required of him, and of actual work—manual labor—he had next to none. To change that signal, to trim those lights, and to turn this iron handle now and then, was all he had to do under that head. Regarding those many long and lonely hours of which I seemed to make so much, he could only say that the routine of his life had shaped itself into that form, and he had grown used to it. He had taught himself a language down here—if only to know by sight, and to have formed his own crude ideas of its pronunciation, could be called learning it. He had also worked at fractions and decimals, and tried a little algebra; but he was, and had been as a boy, a poor hand at figures. Was it necessary for him when on duty always to remain in that channel of damp air, and could he never rise into the sunshine from between those high stone walls? Why, that depended upon times and circumstances. Under some conditions there would be less upon the Line than under others, and the same held good as to certain hours of the day and night. In bright weather, he did choose occasions for getting a little above these lower shadows; but, being at all times liable to be called by his electric bell, and at such times listening for it with redoubled anxiety, the relief was less than I would suppose.

He took me into his box, where there was a fire, a desk for an official book in which he had to make certain entries, a telegraphic instrument with its dial, face and needles, and the little bell of which he had spoken. On my trusting that he would excuse the remark that he had been well educated, and (I hoped I might say without offense), perhaps educated above that station, he observed that instances of slight incongruity in such wise would rarely be found wanting among large bodies of men; that he had heard it was so in workhouses, in the police force, even in that last desperate resource, the army; and that he knew it was so, more or less, in any great railway staff. He had been, when young (if I could believe it, sitting in that hut—he scarcely could), a student of natural philosophy, and had attended lectures; but he had run wild, misused his opportunities, gone down, and never risen again. He had no complaint to offer about that. He had made his bed, and he lay upon it. It was far too late to make another.

All that I have here condensed he said in a quiet manner, with his grave dark regards divided between me and the fire. He threw in the word "Sir," from time to time, and especially when he referred to his youth—as though to request me to understand that he claimed to be nothing but what I found him. He was several times interrupted by the little bell, and had to read off messages, and send replies. Once he had to stand without the door, and display a flag as a train passed, and make some verbal communication to the driver. In the discharge of his duties, I observed him to be remarkably exact and vigilant, breaking off his discourse at a syllable, and remaining silent until what he had to do was done.

In a word, I should have set this man down as one of the [illegible]t to be employed in that capacity, but for the circumstance that while he was speaking to me he twice broke off with a fallen color, turned his face toward the little bell when it did not ring, opened the door of the hut (which was kept shut to exclude the unhealthy damp), and looked out toward the red light near the mouth of the tunnel. On both of those occasions, he came back to the fire with the inexplicable air upon him which I had remarked without being able to

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define, when we were so far asunder.

Said I, when I rose to leave him, "You almost make me think that I have met with a contented man."

(I am afraid I must acknowledge that I said it to lead him on.)

"I believe I used to be so," he rejoined, in the low voice in which he had first spoken; "but I am troubled, sir, I am troubled."

He would have recalled the words if he could. He had said them, however, and I took them up quickly.

"With what? What is your trouble?"

"It is very difficult to impart, sir. It is very, very difficult to speak of. If ever you make me another visit I will try to tell you."

"But I expressly intend to make you another visit. Say, when shall it be?"

"I go off early in the morning, and I shall be on again at ten tomorrow night, sir."

"I will come at eleven."

He thanked me, and went out at the door with me. "I'll show my white light, sir," he said, in his peculiar voice, "till you have found the way up. When you have found it, don't call out! And when you are at the top don't call out!"

His manner seemed to make the place strike colder to me, but I said no more than, "Very well."

'And when you come down tomorrow night, don't call out! Let me ask you a parting question.' What made you cry, 'Halloa! Below there!' tonight?"

'Heaven knows," said I. "I cried something to that effect—"

Not to that effect, sir. Those were the very words. I know them well."

"Admit those were the very words. I said them, no doubt, because I saw you below.'

'For no other reason?"

'What other reason could I possibly have?'

"You had no feeling that they were conveyed to you in any supernatural way?"

"No."

He wished me good night, and held up his light. I walked by the side of the down Line of rails (with a very disagreeable sensation of a train coming behind me) until I found the path. It was easier to mount than to descend, and I got back to my inn without any adventure.

Punctual to my appointment, I placed my foot on the first notch of the zigzag next night, as the distant clocks were striking eleven. He was waiting for me at the bottom, with his white light on. "I have not called out," I said, when we came close together; "may I speak now?"

"By all means, sir."

"Good night, then, and here's my hand."

"Good night, sir, and here's mine."

With that we walked side by side to his box, entered it, closed the door, and sat down by the fire.

"I have made up my mind, sir," he began, bending forward as soon as we were seated, and speaking in a tone but a little above a whisper, "that you shall not have to ask me twice what troubles me. I took you for some one else yesterday evening. That troubles me."

"That mistake?"

"No. That some one else."

"Who is it?"

"I don't know."

"Like me?"

"I don't know. I never saw the face The left arm is across the face, and the right arm is waved—violently waved. This way.

I followed his action with my eyes, and it was the action of an arm gesticulating, with the utmost passion and vehemence:

"For God's sake, clear the way!"

"One moonlight night," said the man, "I was sitting here, when I heard a voice cry, 'Halloa! Below there!' I started up, looked from that door, and saw this Some One else standing by the red light near the tunnel, waving as I just now showed you. The voice seemed hoarse with shouting, and it cried, 'Look out! Look out!' And then again, 'Halloa! Below there! Look out!' I caught up my lamp, turned it on red, and ran toward the figure, calling, 'What's wrong? What has happened? Where?' It stood just outside the blackness of the tunnel. I advanced so close upon it that I wondered at its keeping the sleeve across its eyes. I ran right up at it, and had my hand stretched out to pull the sleeve away, when it was gone."

"Into the tunnel?" said I.

"No. I ran on into the tunnel five hundred yards. I stopped, and held my lamp above my head, and saw the figures of the measured distance, and saw the wet stains stealing down the walls and trickling through the arch. I ran out again faster than I had run in (for I had a mortal abhorrence of the place upon me), and I looked all round the red light with my own red light, and I went up the iron ladder to the gallery atop of it, and I came down again, and ran back here I telegraphed both ways, 'An alarm has been given. Is anything wrong?' The answer came back, both ways, 'All well.'

Resisting the slow touch of a frozen finger tracing out my spine, I showed him how that this figure must be a deception of his sense of sight; and how that figures, originating in disease of the delicate nerves that minister to the functions of the eye, were known to have often troubled patients, some of whom had become conscious of the nature of their affliction, and had even proved it by experiments upon themselves. "As to an imaginary cry," said I, "do but listen for a moment to the wind in this unnatural valley while we speak so low, and to the wild harp it makes of the telegraph wires."

That was all very well, he returned, after we had sat listening for a while, and he ought to know something of the wind and the wires—he who so often passed long winter nights there, alone and watching. But he would beg to remark that he had not finished.

I asked his pardon, and he slowly added these words, touching my arm:

"Within six hours after the Appearance, the memorable accident on this Line happened, and within ten hours the dead and wounded were brought along through the tunnel over the spot where the figure had stood."

A disagreeable shudder crept over me, but I did my best against it. It was not to be denied, I rejoined, this was a remarkable coincidence, calculated deeply to impress his mind. But it was unquestionable that remarkable coincidences did continually occur, and they must be taken into account in dealing with such a subject. Though to be sure I must admit, I added (for I thought I saw that he was going to bring the objection to bear upon me), men of common sense did not allow much for coincidences in making the ordinary calculations of life.

He again begged to remark that he had not finished

I again begged his pardon for being betrayed into interruptions.

"This," he said, again laying his hand upon my arm, and glancing over his shoulder with hollow eyes, "was just a year ago. Six or seven months passed, and I had recovered from the surprise and shock, when one morning, as the day was breaking, I, standing at the door, looked toward the red light, and saw the specter again." He stopped, with a fixed look at me.

"Did it cry out?"

"No. It was silent."

"Did it wave its arm?"

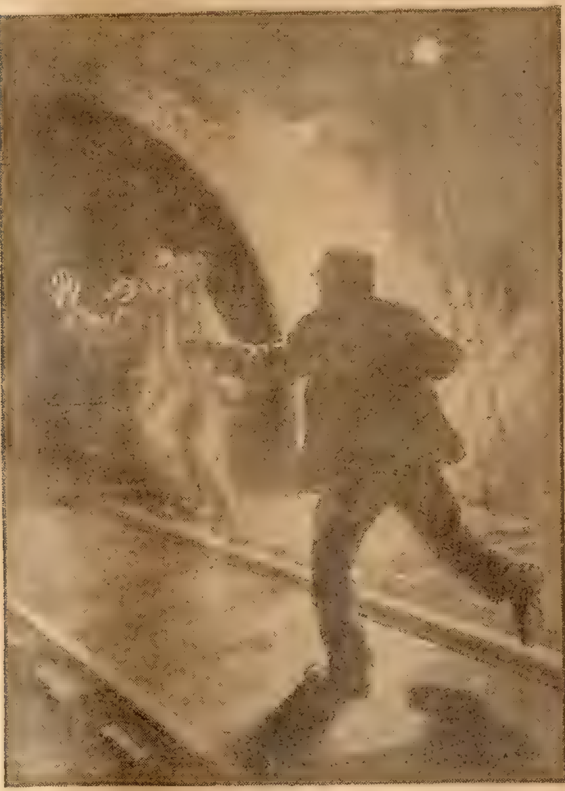
"No. It leaned against the shaft of the light, with both hands before the face. Like this."

Once more I followed his action with my eyes. It was an action of mourning. I have seen such an attitude in stone figures on tombs.

"Did you go up to it?"

"I came in and sat down, partly to collect my thoughts, partly because it had turned me faint. When I went to the door again, daylight was above me, and the ghost was gone."

"But nothing followed? Nothing came of this?"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He touched me on the arm with his forefinger twice or thrice, giving a ghastly nod each time.

"That very day, as a train came out of the tunnel, I noticed, at a carriage window on my side, what looked like a confusion of hands and heads, and something waved. I saw it just in time to signal the driver, Stop! He shut off, and put his brake on, but the train drifted past here a hundred and fifty yards or more. I ran after it, and, as I went along, heard terrible screams and cries. A beautiful young lady had died instantaneously in one of the compartments, and was brought in here, and laid down on this floor between us."

Involuntarily I pushed my chair back, as I looked from the boards at which he pointed to himself.

"True, sir. True. Precisely as it happened, so I tell it you."

I could think of nothing to say, to any purpose, and my mouth was very dry. The wind and the wires took up the story with a long lamenting wail.

He resumed. "Now, sir, mark this, and judge how my mind is troubled. The specter came back a week ago. Ever since, it has been there, now and again, by fits and starts."

"At the light?"

"At the Danger-light."

"What does it seem to do?"

He repeated, if possible with increased passion and vehemence, that former gesticulation of, "For God's sake, clear the way!"

Then he went on. "I have no peace or rest for it. It calls to me, for many minutes together, in an agonized manner, 'Below there! Look out!' It stands waving to me. It rings my little bell—"

I caught at that.

"Did it ring your bell yesterday evening when I was here, and you went to the door?"

"Twice."

"Why, see," said I, "how your imagination misleads you. My eyes were on the bell, and my ears were open to the bell, and if I am a living man, it did not ring at those times. No, nor at any other time, except when it was rung in the natural course of physical things by the station communicating with you."

He shook his head. "I have never made a mistake as to that yet, sir. I have never confused the specter's ring with the man's. The ghost's ring is a strange vibration in the bell that it derives from nothing else, and I have not asserted that the bell stirs to the eye. I don't wonder that you failed to hear it. But I heard it."

"And did the specter seem to be there, when you looked out?"

"It was there."

"Both times?"

He repeated firmly: "Both times."

"Will you come to the door with me and look for it now?"

He bit his under lip as though he were somewhat unwilling, but arose. I opened the door, and stood on the step, while he stood in the doorway. There was the Danger-light. There was the dismal mouth of the tunnel. There were the high, wet stone walls of the cutting. There were the stars above them.

"Do you see it?" I asked him, taking particular note of his face. His eyes were prominent and strained, but not very much more so, perhaps, than my own had been when I had directed them earnestly toward the same spot.

"No," he answered. "It is not there."

"Agreed," said I.

We went in again, shut the door, and resumed our seats. I was thinking how best to improve this advantage, if it might be called one, when he took up the conversation in such a matter-of-course way, so assuming that there could be no serious question of fact between us, that I felt myself placed in the weakest of positions.

"By this time you will fully understand, sir," he said, "that what troubles me so dreadfully is the question, What does the specter mean?"

I was not sure, I told him, that I did fully understand.

"What is its warning against?" he said, ruminating, with his eyes on the fire, and only by times turning them on me. "What is the danger? Where is the danger? There is danger overhanging somewhere on this Line. Some dreadful calamity will happen. It is not to be doubted this third time, after what has gone before. But surely this is a cruel haunting of me. What can I do?"

He pulled out his handkerchief and wiped the drops from his heated forehead.

"If I telegraph Danger, on either side of me, or on both, I can give no reason for it," he went on, wiping the palms of his hands. "I should get into trouble and do no good. They would think I was mad. This is the way it would work—Message: 'Danger! Take care!' Answer: 'What Danger? Where?' Message: 'Don't know. But, for God's sake, take care!' They would displace me. What else could they do?"

His pain of mind was most pitiable to see. It was the mental torture of a conscientious man, oppressed beyond endurance by an unintelligible responsibility involving life.

"When it first stood under the Danger-light," he went on, putting his dark hair back from his head and drawing his hands outward across and across his temples in an extremity of feverish distress, "why not tell me where that accident was to happen—if it must happen? Why not tell me how it could be averted—if it could have been averted? When on its second coming it hid its face, why not tell me, instead, 'She is going to die. Let them keep her at home'? If it came, on those two occasions, only to show me that its warnings were true, and so to prepare me for the third, why not warn me plainly now? And I, Lord help me! a mere poor signal man on this solitary station! Why not to somebody with credit to be believed, and power to act?"

When I saw him in this state I saw that, for the poor man's sake, as well as for the public safety, what I had to do for the time was to compose his mind. Therefore, setting aside all question of reality or unreality between us, I represented to him that whoever thoroughly discharged his duty must do well, and that at least it was his comfort that he understood his duty, though he did not understand these confounding Appearances. In this effort I succeeded far better than in the attempt to reason him out of his conviction. He became calm; the occupations incidental to his post as the night advanced began to make larger demands on his attention, and I left him at two in the morning. I had offered to stay through the night, but he would not hear of it.

That I more than once looked back at the red light as I ascended the pathway, that I did not like the red light, and that I should have slept but poorly if my bed had been under it, I see no reason to conceal. Nor did I like the two sequences of the accident and the dead girl. I see no reason to conceal that, either.

But what ran most in my thoughts was the consideration how ought I to act, having become the recipient of this disclosure? I had proved the man to be intelligent, vigilant, painstaking and exact; but how long might he remain so, in his state of mind? Though in a subordinate position, still he held a most important trust, and would I (for instance) like to stake my own life on the chances of his continuing to execute it with precision?

Unable to overcome a feeling that there would be something treacherous in my communicating what he had told me to his superiors in the Company, without first being plain with himself and proposing a middle course to him, I ultimately resolved to offer to accompany him (otherwise keeping his secret for the present) to the wisest medical practitioner we could hear of in those parts, and to take his opinion. A change in his time of duty would come around next night, he had apprised me, and he would be off an hour or two after sunrise, and on again soon after sunset. I had appointed to return accordingly.

Next evening was a lovely evening, and I walked out early to enjoy it. The sun was not yet quite down when I traversed the field path near the top of the deep cutting. I would extend my walk for an hour, I said to myself, half an hour on and half an hour back, and it would then be time to go to my signal-man's box.

Before pursuing my stroll I stepped to the brink, and mechanically looked down from the point from which I had first seen him. I cannot describe the thrill that seized upon me, when, close at the mouth of the tunnel, I saw the appearance of a man, with his left sleeve across his eyes, passionately waving his right arm.

The nameless horror that oppressed me passed in a moment, for in a moment I saw that this appearance of a man was a man indeed, and that there was a little group of other men, standing at a short distance, to whom he seemed to be rehearsing the gesture he made. The Danger-light was not yet lighted. Against its shaft, a little low hut, entirely new to me, had been made of some wooden supports and tarpaulin. It looked no bigger than a bed.

With an irresistible sense that something was wrong—with a flashing self-reproachful fear that fatal mischief had come of my leaving the man there, and causing no one to be sent to overlook or correct what he did—I descended the notched path with all the speed I could make.

"What is the matter?" I asked the men.

"Signal-man killed this morning, sir."

"Not the man belonging to that box?"

"Yes, sir."

"Not the man I know?"

"You will recognize him, sir, if you knew him," said the man who spoke for the others, solemnly uncovering his own head and raising an end of the tarpaulin, "for his face is quite composed."

"Oh, how did this happen, how did this happen?" I asked, turning from one to the other as the hut closed in again.

"He was cut down by an engine, sir. No man in England knew his work better. But somehow he was not clear of the outer rail. It was just at broad day. He had struck the light, and had the lamp in his hand. As the engine came out of the tunnel his back was toward her and she cut him down. That man drove her and was showing how it happened. Show the gentleman, Tom."

The man, who wore a rough dark dress, stepped back to his former place at the mouth of the tunnel.

"Coming round the curve in the tunnel, sir," he said, "I saw him at the end, like as if I saw him down a perspective-glass. There was no time to check speed

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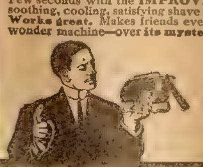

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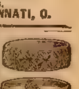

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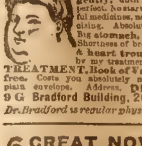

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and I knew him to be very careful. As he didn't seem to take heed of the whistle, I shut it off when we were running down upon him, and called to him as loud as I could call."

"What did you say?"

"I said, 'Below there! Look out! Look out! For God's sake, clear the way!'"

I started.

"Ah, it was a dreadful time, sir. I never left off calling to him. I put this arm before my eyes not to see, and I waved this arm to the last; but it was no use."

. . . .

Without prolonging the narrative to dwell on any one of its curious circumstances more than on any other, I may, in closing it, point out the coincidence that the warning of the engine driver included, not only the words which the unfortunate signal-man had repeated to me as haunting him, but also the words which I myself—not he—had attached, and that only in my own mind, to the gesticulation he had imitated.

* * *

A FRONTIER FUNERAL.

"It's all very well to talk about your Brooklyn funeral," said a Dakota man, as the mourners crowded up to the bar, "but you don't put the life and spirit into a plant that we do in our section," and the Western gentleman shook his head lugubriously. "I watched this yere racket today, but I wasn't satisfied. You throwd lots o' weeds and the pa'son cut it fat, but the whole thing was tame business compared with the time when we drove Peter Mullins into the turf."

"Did you have a superior article of funeral on that occasion?" asked one of the bereaved.

"You called the turn, pardner," replied the Dakota man. "Compared with that game your little play today was a deuce box. I was living in Bismarck City then, and I'm languaging when I say that your style today wasn't a seven spot to that layout."

"Would you object to giving us the particulars of that sad affair?" asked one of the lamenting.

The Bismarck man called for refreshment and braced himself for the relation.

"Pete had some trouble with seven or eight soldiers, and when they'd all played their hands we laid out to lock up shop and slide him under in shape. Pete wasn't no summer coon. He wore meat and hair all the year round, and as he was the first man that had turned down in the settlement, we agreed to start a boneyard and plant him for a crop. Ther wasn't any pa'son ther in them days, but Lounsberry, the postmaster, know'd a hymn, and John McLean, the mayor, was a dog fight on a speech. So we got out the engine for a hearse and built a box for the stiff and started in.

"We'd staked out a claim up on the Buford road for a grave, and Tom Fortune had drilled a hole to put Pete in. Everything was in gay shape for business, and the boys was braced for a time that would be a credit to the lamented. You bet your life! Well, sir, we held the funeral in Keno Hall. The corpse was stretched on the faro table, all fixed up with dandelions and cactus, and the boys sat around in rows. You can bet a blue necktie it was stylish, stranger! The mills was all closed, and we had a nigger fiddler for the orchestra, and McLean had bought a white shirt to give tone to the racket.

"Lounsberry announced that the game was open, and commenced with a hymn play about Dearest Pety thou has left us and thy loss is deeply feeled, but no bean eater could bereft us if thou hads't have just been heeled.' He said he made it up himself, but I reckon he heard it somewhere in the States. Then John McLean started in on the Declaration of Independence, and whenever he throwd up his hand, the boys howled 'Amen!' You can smile, stranger, but I'm remarking that you don't often lite into a hightoneder spread than the send-off we gave Pete. When Jack got through with the Declaration we liquored up, and Jim Emmons took hold. He'd found an act of the Illinois Legislature somewhere, and he read that so that you could hear the stove rattle. Then Lounsberry sang 'Marching Through Georgia,' and by that time we were all feeling pretty good. You never seen a better shake-up in all your life. Jack Richards was bossing affairs, and he proposed three cheers for the stiff, and you may double your gamble he got 'em. We were just warming up to the work when George Peoples shied his hat and made the dongondest best oration that was ever played in that kind of a game. George is a humorous cuss, and he got off the best conundrums you ever listened to. Fun! Well, now, pardner, you may blush!

"Well, sir, after that part of the exercises was over we hammered the lid down over Pete and h'isted him up on the engine. Me and Richards steadied him, and the gang laid hold of the rope. George Peoples was foreman, and the nigger fiddler straddled the coffin, playing 'We Won't Go Home Till Morning.' We stopped twice on the way to brace, and we made the last mile in something like five minutes. Talk about your fire-engine company in eight territories.

"When we got to the grave we found that Tom had built a hole seven feet deep and just the size of the box. Had to plant him standing up, but that didn't hurt him any. Lounsberry started up 'Good-by, Sweetheart,' and McLean read a poem about a boy on a ship that wouldn't go home for fear his dad would warm him. Jim Emmons started on a prayer, and then things grew lively. We didn't want no airs over the funeral, and we told him he could lay no political pipe that way. But he allowed he'd cash that prayer in, or there'd be a row. That settled it," and the Dakota man paused.

"How did you come out?" asked one of the listeners.

"I was dragged out," replied the Dakota man simply. "Leastwise, I was found some distance off when they looked for me. I didn't see the turn called, and didn't know nothing about the next deal. I didn't get out for a month."

"Is that the kind of funeral you have in Bismarck?" asked a mourner.

"The same, stranger. Many a one since then; but I'll never forget Pete. The coyotes is singing above his grave now, and in the summer the little boys shoot jack rabbits near his plant. We put in a few asparagus plants to make a shade for him; but I'll tell you, gentlemen, the blizzards never howled over a squarer boy than Pete, and no man was ever put to root in better shape than we laid out for that lad. Let's beer, I'm hoarse."

And they liquidated, the mourners wondering, perhaps, at the "spirited" style of a frontier funeral, but recognizing at the same time that the Dakota man had spoken his last lines with an obvious humidity of utterance.

* * *

Mexican Carries "Roll."

Almost every Mexican in professional or business life carries on his person anywhere from $200 to $800. Even the poor Indian in his blanket can more than likely produce greater sums than the average traveler.

Recently an instance of the kind was brought to the notice of an American, unused to the size of the Mexican's "roll." One Mexican of the middle class asked another in a casual way if he could change a $1,000 bill. The other pulled out a wallet from his inside pocket and counted out nearly $2,000. It is no uncommon thing for a Mexican of the middle class to carry between 1,000 and 2,000 pesos on his person.

The check seems to have taken but small hold upon the citizens of Mexico, specially when amounts of less than $1,000 are concerned. They consider it much easier to pay cash than to give a check for amounts of $50 and $100, and that a business deal can be put through with better advantage when the cash is in sight.

The lower classes carry their money in leather belts fastened around their bodies. These belts are hollow and are open at one end. Into the open end the Indian slips his pesos or bills until he has the whole full. The belt is then taken off and hidden away, or the bills are changed for others of large denominations and still carried around the body. But the Indian is a stickler for pesor duros (silver pesos) and prefers them to any other class of money except gold.

To the Indian money is money, and a bank book stands for nothing in his way of reckoning. A check he will not accept under any circumstances, because he does not understand it. A coin or paper currency is what he is after, and that is what he keeps his hands on when he gets it.

* * *

Laying a Foundation.

"Pardon my abruptness, Miss Citronella, but will you marry me?"

"Marry you, Mr. Bonser? Marry you? Not if you were the last man on earth!"

Pondering a moment, he took a small memorandum book out of his pocket and checked off a name.

"Well," he said, "there's no harm done. It is due you, however, Miss Higgins, that I should explain. You have heard, I presume, of the Great American Novel, but have not seen it because it has not yet appeared. I am about to write it. But in order to fit myself for the task I need one or two experiences. I wish to undergo the pangs of a rejected lover. I have not yet succeeded—and you are the eleventh. I may have to be rejected by half a dozen more girls before I experience the necessary emotion. Good evening, Miss Higgins."

* * *

A New Effect.

Following the vogue of beads comes the clever expedient that is surprising in its simplicity. It isn't new and it is quite easy. Have you ever thought of French knots as a means to a decorative end?

On a blouse of chiffon cloth, of voile, silk or velvet, make the patches of color of French knots instead of beads.

Black silk combined with blue is stunning on either gray or white. The favorite black and white alliance is effective on any shade, and the touch of one vivid color can be applied as quickly as you can change the floss in your needle.

Entire yokes and cuffs can be made of this embroidery; lines of color or motifs can be made to give individuality to a blouse. And the cost? A trifle when compared with any lingerie blouses that you may admire in the cases!

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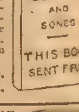

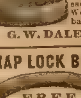

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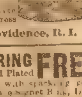

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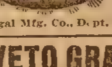

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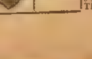

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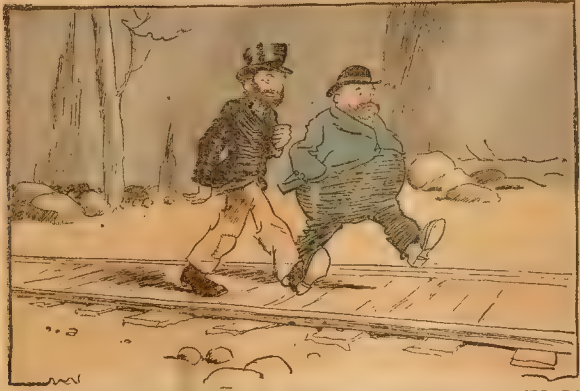
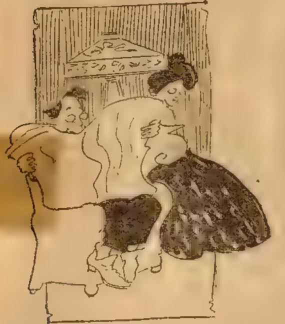


Freddie—Always remember ter show respect fer a gentleman dat's an "LL. D."
Eddie—Dat's nothin'; I'm a F. F. E.
Freddie—A "F. F. E.?" What's dat stand for?
Eddie—Fast freight exclusively.

Rough on Hubby.



Mrs. Hecktor—I thought when I married you you were an entirely different man.

Hecktor—I wish, Maria, that you had married the man you took me for.

◆ ◆ ◆

Couldn't Get a Job.

Lady—Can't you find work?

Tramp—Yessum, but every one wants a reference from my last employer.

Lady—And can't you get one?

Tramp—No, mum. Yer see, he's been dead twenty-eight years.

Poor Brown.

"Sorry, Brown," said the doctor, after the examination. "You're in a very serious condition. I'm afraid I'll have to operate on you."

"Operate!" gasped Brown. "Why, I haven't any money for operations. I'm only a poor workingman."

"You're insured, are you not?"

"Yes, but I don't get that until after I'm dead."

"Oh, that'll be all right," said the doctor consolingly.

◆

Grim Consolation.

"John, old boy," said the sick man to the attendant. "I want you to go out and fetch me another minister."

"Why, you've had a preacher with you all mornin'."

"That's just it," gasped the man. "He thought he was cheerin' me up and he told me I'd meet my three wives in Heaven!"

◆

Can Handle Bills.

Muggins—Women are gradually usurping the place of men. I heard the other day of a woman bill collector.

Buggins—Well, if a woman is as successful in running down a bill as she is in running one up she should be a wonder.

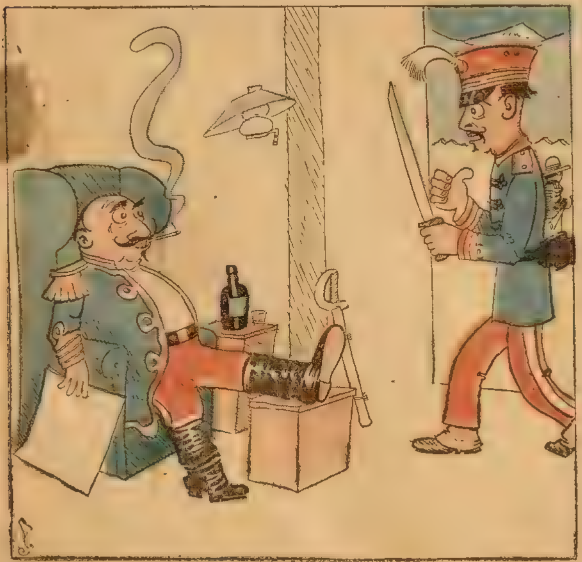
◆

Cause for Congratulation.

The Boss—Mr. Stubpen, when you came in this morning I detected a trace of liquor about your person.

The Bookkeeper—That's fine, sir! Fine! That shows how much better your cold is, sir!—Puck.

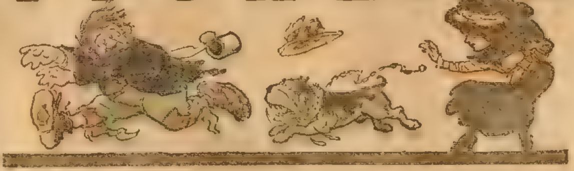
THE ROAR OF BATTLE.



Captain Bolivian Volunteers—General, the rebels are outside the fort making faces at us and I can't think of another name to call them.

Gen. Ponto—Wow! That's awful! Tell the men to light their Punktillio cigaros and we'll go out and blow the smoke in their faces.

TICKLISH



A Loss of Memory.

"Uncle Mose," said a drummer, addressing an old colored man seated on a dry goods box in front of the village store, "they tell me that you remember seeing George Washington. Am I mistaken?"

"No, sah," said Uncle Mose. "I use'er 'member seein' him, but I done fo'got sence I jined de church."

◆

THE SOARING PIG.

Pork is so dear we cannot buy,
  And there we have no lie penned;
No critters of the pen and sty
  We eat, on our small stipend.

How Did He Get Them?

"My boy," said a police sergeant to a patrolman, "you used to say I was lazy." Then the sergeant bent his arm. "But look at these stripes, me boy. I didn't get these by loafing on the corners, eh?"

"No, sarge," the patrolman answered with as our smile. "I knew you didn't get them in that way, or you'd be a zebra by now."

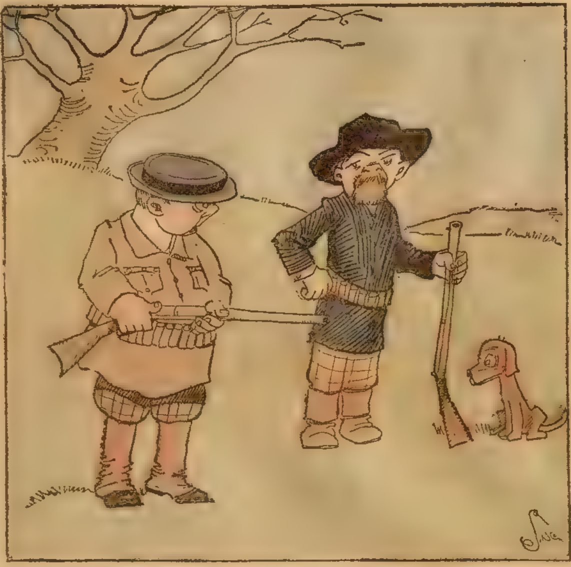
◆

He Didn't Stay Very Long.

Caller—Bessie, what did your sister say when you told her I was here?

Bessie—She said "Great Heavens! That bore here again!"

A BARE CHANCE.



Cholly (after some unsuccessful shooting)—If one of those partridges should fly into a tree I think I could get him.

Guide—You might, sir. I've seen 'em killed by flying into barb wire fences.

Sangfroid.

(In the practical examination of majors for promotion to lieutenant-colonel great importance is attached to coolness of demeanor upon receipt of information.)

Excited Staff Officer (reading urgent message from headquarters)—Your main attack has failed, your cavalry has been annihilated, two batteries have been captured and the enemy have cut your communication.

"Fed up" and Weary Candidate—Oh, they have, have they? Well, just hold my map while I blow my nose.

◆

Hitting Back.

Orville Grunter, M. D.—I don't believe that old chap Methuselah ever lived to be as old as the Bible claims he did. Do you?

Jolly M. Long—I don't see why not. There were no doctors in those days.

◆

She Forgave Him.

Shoemaker (who, throwing a shoe at his apprentice, hits a customer instead)—A thousand pardons, madam. Fortunately it was your own shoe, the smallest I have in the place.

◆

Drilling Exercise.

Drill Instructor—Now, min, yez will take one shtip to the rare, thin one to the front, thin one to rare agin, an' yez'll be as yez were before yez were as yez are now.

◆

They Never Are.

He—Mine is a model wife.

She—And I call mine a model husband.

He (with a sigh)—What a pity they are not married to each other instead of to us.

On Her Side.

"I didn't know you had any idea of marrying her."

"I didn't. The idea was hers."

◆

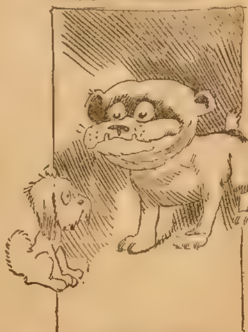
Simple and Fitting.

Figg—What are you having carved on the photographer's tombstone?

Fogg—Taken from life.

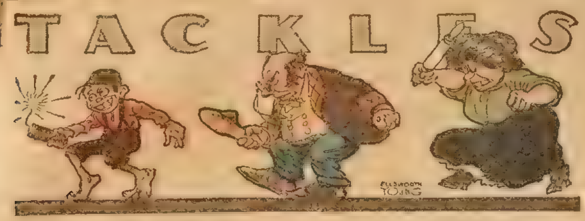
◆

Not Probable.



Bill Bull—I understand you've been telling around that you could beat me running.

Tike Terrier—Do you suppose if I thought I could beat you running that I would be setting here?



MODERN SOCIETY.

A lady once invited
To her house gentlemen three—
"My husband that was, my husband that is,
And my husband that's going to be.
My husband that was is your husband that is,
And my husband that's going to be is your husband that was,
And my husband that is may be yours one day,
Don't you see?"

Dad's Idea.

"Say, pa?"

"Well, what is it?"

"Pa, what is alfalfa?"

"It's a slang term for whiskers, son," replied the city man as he resumed his novel.

The Faithful Nurse.

"Is this you, doctor?" asks the nurse, over the telephone.

"Yes," answers the physician.

"Well, you know you said Mr. Bonder would not show any signs of improvement for five or six days?"

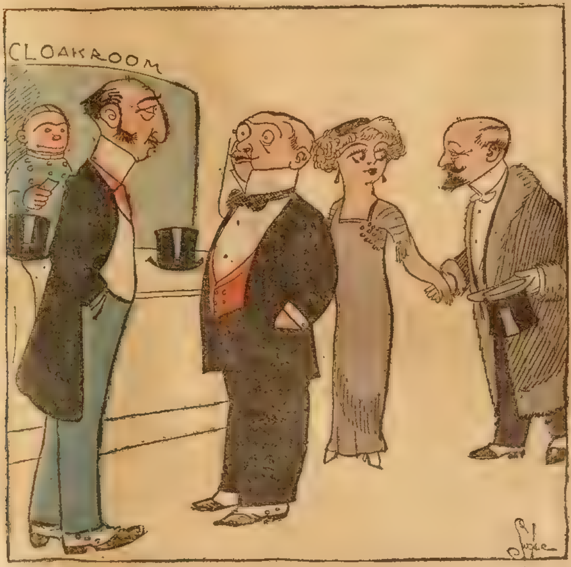
"Yes."

"Well, this is only the second day and he is a great deal better already. Shall I give him something to make him worse for the other three or four days?"—Life.

A Successful Petition.

There was a substitute chaplain on duty in the House one day and he prayed too long, almost interminably. The regular chaplain does not pray more than two minutes. The substitute prayed so long that Speaker Cannon's mind manifestly wandered; for when the substitute chaplain concluded Uncle Joe brought down his gavel with a heavy whack on the desk and said: "The petition will be approved."

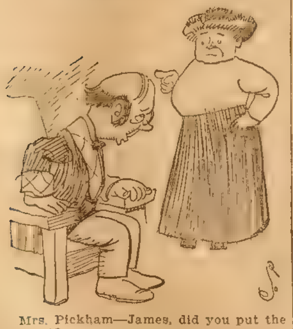
SELF-SACRIFICING.



"I'm glad to make your acquaintance, Baron! I hope you'll pardon the question, but is your marriage with my divorced wife happy?"

"O, very! I don't understand how you could separate from so charming a woman! Don't you want to take her back?"

His Master's Voice.



Mrs. Pickham—James, did you put the cat out?

James—He hasn't been in all day, dear.

Mrs. Pickham—Then bring him in and put him out again; we've got to show that beast we're his superiors.

A Mean Girl.

"I think that girl was chaffing me, don't you know."

"Why so, Freddy.

"She asked me for my recipe for fudge.

Deceived.

Mrs. Benham—I am getting stouter all the time.

Mr. Benham—Yes; when I got married I little realized that I was getting a wife on the installment plan.

Unlucky Thirteen.

Patience—I was sure something unlucky would happen when the grocer gave me thirteen eggs for a dozen.

Patrice—And what did happen?

"I found 'em nearly all bad!"

Two Ways.

"Well, old man, congratulate me. I'm my own boss now."

"How does that happen? Have you gone into business for yourself or secured a divorce?"

WORKED BOTH WAYS.

A fool man once lost his health
While striving to get wealth;
Then he straightway lost his wealth
While trying to gain health.

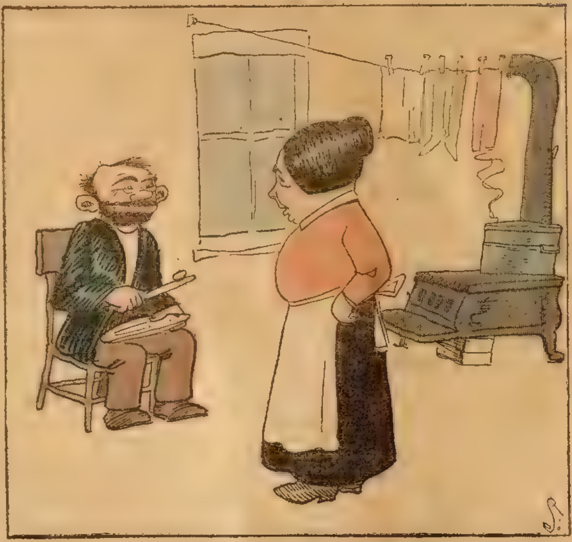
Nothing to Say.

Hix—That milliner across the way took in a silent partner last week.

Dix—Is that so?

Hix—Yes. She got married.

DOING IT PROPERLY.



Kind Lady—And you married three wives in haste and are now repenting at leisure? Are you never going to work?

Sandy Pikes—I guess not, mum. You see, I'll need quite a little time to repent in.

Generous Tramps.

"Please gimme a quarter," begged a panhandler on Washington street yesterday. "I won't hand yer no tale about bein' hungry, pard—honest, I wantter git a drink."

"But," we objected (for it was indeed us), "you don't need a quarter to buy a drink."

"Sir," answered the panhandler, "do youse t'ink I'm fallen so low as ter take a gent's money an' den not invite him ter drink wid me?"

No Loss.

"I am sorry, Mrs. Mahaffy, to hear of the loss of your husband."

"Don't be sorry for me, ma'am. Sure, it's no loss to get a thousand dollars insurance for a 30 cent husband."

Deserving of Honor.

"Any of your ancestors come over in the Mayflower?"

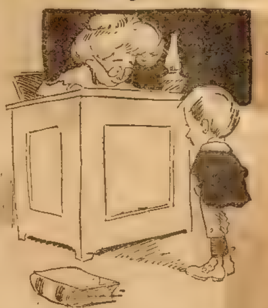
"No; we don't date that far back. But I am descended from one of the men who went over to meet Roosevelt."

Real Welcome.

"How is your suit with Miss Distant progressing?"

"Well, when I call now her dog wags his tail."

Easy.



Teacher—I'd bet a nickel you don't know your lesson.

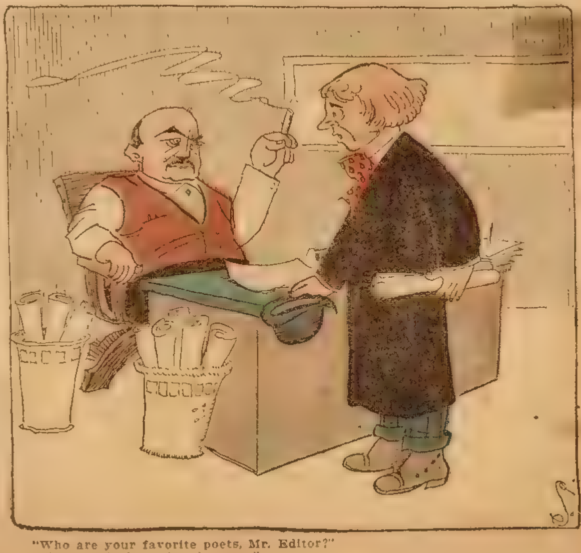
Jimmie—Gee! You're cheap! Not bettin' more'n a nickel on a sure thing.

* * *

Plaintiff (in lawsuit)—So you think I will get the money, do you?

His Counsel—I think we will get it.

MADE HIM LEAST TROUBLE.



"Who are your favorite poets, Mr. Editor?"

"Those with the writers' cramp."

BOY'S AND GIRL'S CORNER

Oscar Hartley's Fortune;

Or, Stepping Into Dead Men's Shoes

By Ida M. Shepler

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 6, Feb. 11. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIII.

ANOTHER LAW SUIT

AFTER some minutes Thomas Hartley recovered from his dazed condition. Then rising, he bade his nephew follow him into the farther recesses of the earth until they reached the den he called home

It was crude. A depression in the side of rock-girt walls served as a cooking place, a hole worn directly above in the roof letting out the smoke. A chair or two, a rude table, and box for dishes and food, with a few cooking utensils, comprised the housekeeping outfit. For the rest, soft skins covered the floor, and piled high at one end of the den, served for a bed

Oscar looked about with wonder. To leave his good and beautiful home for such as this! Indeed, what will not some people give for life?

As the day progressed, Oscar became very sure that, after the blow Schatka had given him, his uncle's mind had suffered to some extent. The nervousness increasing had brought about fear to the extreme, a dread of the sunlight and heat, as well as increasing the morbid fear of death. On the whole, while he had not been what might be called insane, yet his mind was dazed at times beyond the limit set by [illegible].

For a week or more Oscar remained in the dim recesses with his uncle, whose health had really been undermined by such living. After some days, the presence of the boy, his sturdy insistence that his uncle must go back to Tevis, that he must strive to throw off the strange feeling in his head, and go back to where doctors might help him, began to have its due effect upon Thomas Hartley.

But the plea that Oscar brought of the court taking his insanity for granted, and setting aside his claim to his own hard earned estate, did the most. Gradually he threw off his depression, and with the effort, coupled with the shock given him on hearing of Beam's treachery, and the old love for David surging anew in his heart for David's son, he seemed to again be the Thomas Hartley of old, or as Oscar believed he must have been.

At the end of a week, he announced, to Oscar's joy, that he was ready to go back.

Snowshoes must now be abandoned Instead, Thomas Hartley bought two stout range ponies, and on these they made the trip home.

"You were right, Oscar," his uncle told him the last day of their journeying, for the uncle had refused to avail himself of stage or railroad car, as they might have done the last one hundred miles, "you are right. The sun does not particularly hurt me now. Perhaps it was mainly a monstrous notion."

"No, uncle, it was not all a notion Not by a long ways. But be careful in mentioning notions where that lawyer of Beam's may get wind of it. They may know that, because of your health, you remained away, but they must not know how you dressed, how you lived, how you hid your rightful name, or how you let the people think you were a ghost or a Wednego. A sane man could do all that, but that lawyer can make any court believe that no sane man could or would. He will show the court that you did sell that land to Beam when not in your right mind, and that would not help in making Beam give it back, now that you show up as of old, all sane and sound in mind."

"That's the truth, nephew," Thomas Hartley replied; "but it seems that you must keep dinning it in my ears all of the time."

Oscar had written back to his stepmother at the first posting place on the trip home, that he was coming, and bringing a great surprise to her

"What do you suppose it is?" Daisy was asking for the dozenth time that balmy April evening that Oscar and his uncle's slow journey ended. Thomas Hartley insisting on taking his time to better get used to the change of climate.

"It's one hundred silver fox pelts," one of Clint's men answered her. "Great Scott, won't the boy be [illegible]"

"It's Schatka," Clint put in "That big Indian had something to do with his uncle's death and he is bringing him back to justice."

Clint was watching Wea's face, but if she heard she gave no sign. Oscar had not so much as enlightened his stepmother of his real reason for going, simply telling her that it was something relating to the way his uncle had died.

"I'm sorry that he made the trip for that purpose," Mrs. Hartley sighed. "It will not bring back the dead, and perhaps bring the spite of some of Schatka's friends his way"

A dog barked outside, the tread of pony feet sounded along the driveway. Some one called "whoa." Mrs. Hartley sprang to her feet, the sad look gone from her eyes

"That's my boy!" she cried. "I know his voice

"Let's see what his secret may be," Daisy said gleefully, hurrying to open the door, and blinking into the darkness outside

"It's not Schatka!" she said, falling back

"No, by the great moose, if it isn't Tom Hartley or his ghost, looks a heap like the last!" Clint half shouted. "Come right in, Oscar! Introduce the folks. Where in the nation did I lay my hat, Daisy?" and Clint bounced around like a chicken with its head cut off.

"Here you monkey, if it had been a snake it would have bitten your hand off. Where are you going?" Daisy cried handing the excited youth his hat

"Off to tell Maurice the news!" he called back, as he went out of the door.

"But not another soul now!" Thomas Hartley called after him. "I do not want Joshua Beam to know that I am here, that I am alive, until I have given that record a looking over. I trust these people here, your men, and Oscar's people will not let him know until I am ready to enter suit for my possessions?"

"Of course you can trust them," Oscar answered for Clint.

The following morning, in a closed carriage and accompanied by Maurice, William Morton and Oscar, Thomas Hartley went to the city.

Oscar at [illegible] that he must stay and [illegible] work to do for Clint, to this his [illegible]

"Go along, Oscar," Clint ordered. "Can't you see that he does not want you out of his sight? Better not undo the good you have done. Stay with your uncle. He's resurrected, as it were, but 'tain't for long, I'm sure

When Thomas Hartley had looked long and carefully over the record kept in the courthouse of Winnipeg, he looked up at last to say

"This is a record of the original deed as made out by you, Mr. Morton. Of that I am certain

Morton shook his head in the negative, as he replied

"It could not be. You see I wrote out the amount of money paid for the land in words. In the deed of which this is the record, they appear in figures. I never write figures in giving the amount paid in a transfer. The whole deed was a forgery. You see, sir, that I live alone. My seal stands handy on a table in my front room. A neighbor saw Joshua Beam once enter my home during my absence. With a blank deed in his hand ready you can see how easy to have used that seal on it. I know they mixed my neighbor up sadly at the trial, and made it appear that Joshua Beam paid that visit during my absence before you went away, or the sale of the twenty acres, as I claim, the whole section, as Beam claims, was made. But I fully believe that my neighbor was right in his first estimate of the time."

"You are off here, William," Thomas Hartley quickly answered. "I hope that you have not sworn to a mistake that will hurt us in the coming trial? You did write the two thousand dollars in figures. Perhaps you never did before or since, but you did that time. I noticed it, but thinking it of no moment, said nothing about it. Joshua Beam has simply added another cipher, making it read, twenty thousand

"Now all notice how this record reads Follow me carefully: 'The north half and the southeast quarter, and the southwest quarter of section ten, township, range and so on and on.' See? By the mere changing of one word into another my whole plot of ground has been transferred to Beam, and on the original deed naming but twenty acres in the description. The original deed, as you know, William, read in this way:

"'The north half of the southeast quarter, and the southwest quarter,' and so on and on. With the word 'of' between the description, shows that he only bought twenty acres of the whole plot. Take out the 'of' and in its place substitute the word 'all.' Can't you see? He buys the

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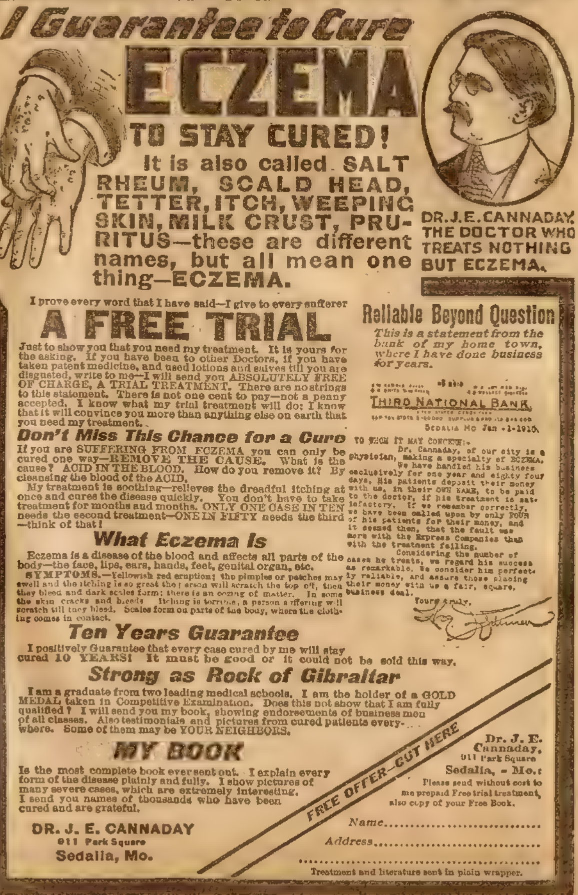

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whole plot instead of a part. It is quite simple. William, write the word 'of' on this slip of paper."

The notary did as ordered.

"Notice," Thomas Hartley continued, "how oddly William writes the word. Easiest thing in the world, by a stroke of the pen, to change it into 'and'. No wonder the experts missed it. They were looking for a wholesale forgery, not a mere word.'

Maurice glanced up at the calm voiced, cool mannered man. No sign of insanity there.

As the trial drew near, Maurice asked his client:

"Shall we send for Granny McNabb?"

"I would rather not unless we cannot get through without additional light on his character. It will be bad enough for Beam without making it worse. I was much to blame. One should not throw temptation in the way of the weak," was Thomas Hartley's reply, given sadly.

Beam made an excellent bluff at the start. But when his old lawyer refused to again take up his case, and after the preliminary examination he went to jail for lack of friends to go upon his bond, then he perceptibly began to grow uneasy. Before the trial had scarcely begun his guilt was assured. His lawyer put up a plea of insanity for him, the only plea possible after the mass of contradictions he was caught in at the start, and the damaging evidence forced out of Link. The first trial made short shrift, as Clint expressed it, this one made shorter. A new judge, and other experts in handwriting, saw differently.

Joshua Beam walked out of the courtroom booked for the State prison, Link was sent to a reform school.

"Good!" Clint said to Daisy, "as the monkey told the flea that hopped off his back and on to his nose, 'I've got you now just where I can watch you.' That's where we've got them two."

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCLUSION.

There was a turning out of the belongings of the Beams from Thomas Hartley's home, a turning out in which Oscar participated. He noticed the care his uncle bestowed on the storing of Beam's goods. To Oscar's look of query, he answered:

"I cannot forget the good he did me. Some day he may need these things. I owe him no grudge now." Oscar had not told his uncle of Beam's attack upon his life when he shut him in the cave.

The night before Beam was taken to prison a deed was made him for the twenty acres, which land he immediately transferred back to Thomas Hartley, getting his money in full for it. At the last he had turned stubborn. He would not sell it unless at the value listed to him. He wanted five hundred dollars paid upon it. The note being destroyed, he could well do this.

Thomas Hartley said to him:

"I lose the five hundred dollars, Joshua. Let it go with all of the rest you have taken from me. I do it to get rid of you. People do not want you coming back some day again to live in this neighborhood. I cannot but believe that you must have been partially demented."

"Don't think it," sneered the prisoner.

After this, with the help of Oscar, Thomas Hartley seemingly, tried to get back into the old business ruts, the looking after his affairs, but it was listless work. Had it not been for the knowledge Oscar had picked up under Clint the year before, and the help he now handed over to the boy in the way of advice, the spring work would have gone at sixes and sevens.

"You will finally get to understand how it goes, and how to manage," Thomas Hartley told his nephew. "As for me, I do not feel so well as I did before the trial. One thing is very sure, I cannot stay here through the warm weather. You must manage, somehow."

Another question had also presented itself to Oscar for his solving. He had expected that his uncle would invite Mrs. Hartley and Daisy to take charge of his house, when it came again into his own possession. Thomas Hartley had not done, instead, retaining the Chinaman.

"It will be better for Daisy and me to return to Oreston," Mrs. Hartley confided to her stepson. "Your uncle has never cared to have women about him, and we would worry him and be in his way. I am strong now, and Daisy and I can get along nicely in looking after ourselves. I cannot be a burden longer upon you."

"A burden!" Oscar's voice was broken. "If you go back I will go back with you. Do not think for one moment that I am going to let you get away from me, especially when you are so alone in the world. Are you really homesick? Must you go back?"

"Nor, we are not that. But we know that we cannot stay longer at Clint's—that is, not much longer. The kind hearted fellow is to be married. And the most discontented mortal over the fact you ever saw," Mrs. Hartley answered with a smile. "I tell him it will come all right."

"Well, if that isn't news!" Oscar quickly answered, and asked: "When did it happen?"

"I tell it in his own words. When the trial was ended he got a fit of the blues. Told his brother that now Thomas Hartley would take Daisy and me from him. Declared he would never go back to the old life and his own cooking. Maruice told him it was high time that he were married. Clint told Maurice that he had no time to go hunting a wife, for him to get him one. He had made a good choice for himself, get him one as good. Nothing suited Maurice better. Worked up an acquaintance between Clint and some girl that keeps house for Maurice. Such a bright, good natured girl. Knows how to do all kinds of work, and isn't one bit ugly. Daisy and I have promised Clint to get the dinner the day he brings her home, and have things ship-shape in the house. He is that lugubrious these days."

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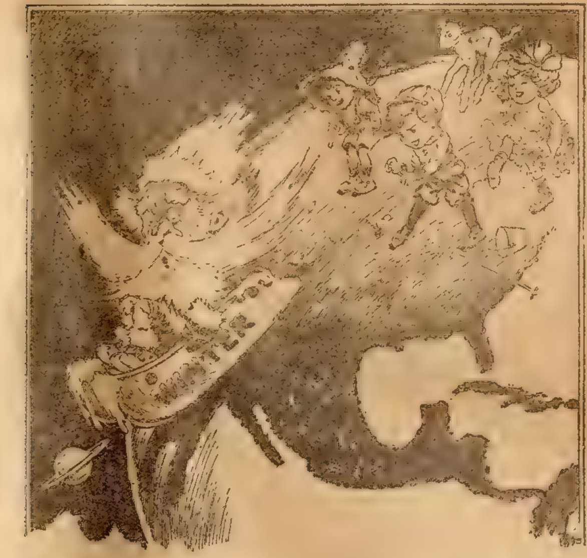

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Or perhaps you will catch this outrageous
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* * *

YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use **Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets** which have made so many marvelous cures. Not a secret or "patent" medicine. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the **Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves.** Don't drop dead like hundreds of others when **Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets** will cure you.

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Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. Address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 951, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Don't risk death by delay.

Certain coins, stamps and paper money of recent issues bring enormous prices. A New York collector paid $10,000 each for certain coins of 1877, and others brought $100 to $6,200. Mr. Castle paid $4,400 for a stamp, and Mr. Ayer got $250,000 for his collection. If interested in large legitimate profits send a stamp for an illustrated circular. Address.

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Are fully and properly answered in The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser by R. V. Pierce, M. D. As a result of knowing the laws of health and nature happy marriages are sure to follow. Ignorance leads to misery and ill-health. All the knowledge a young man or woman, wife or daughter, should have is contained in this big Home Doctor Book containing 1008 pages with engravings and colored plates, and bound in cloth, (over 150,000 copies formerly sold for $1.50 each) is Sent Free to any one sending 31 one-cent stamps to prepay cost of wrapping and postage. There are no conditions to this offer and the reader must not associate this book with the advertising pamphlets prepared by quacks throughout the country. Address Dept. D, 664 Washington St., Buffalo, New York.

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PHOTOS from Life, Art Studies, Beautiful Women, 3 for 25c; 7 (all different) 50c. Money back if not satisfied. Art Photo Co., 1108 B. W., Grand Rapids, Mich.

TAPE-WORM EXPELLED WITH HEAD. WRITE FOR BOOKLET. BYRON FIELD & CO. 182 STATE ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

Thomas Hartley would not allow Oscar to stay anywhere but with him, but, meeting Clint soon after, Oscar asked him about the proposed wedding.

"Ah, yes," began Clint, "was ever such a mistake made? I thought that your uncle would take your stepmother and Daisy right away from me. It never entered my head he didn't want them about him. Hang me fur a fool every time! As the dyin' monkey said to the priest: 'I got it in my head that it was about time fur me to settle down.' I asked your stepma to marry me the next day after Thomas Hartley got back, I thought I'd be in time, and be sure of her. But she said she was a good ten years older than me, and mumbled somethin' about never wantin' to marry again. I didn't want to force no woman to marry me, so I shut up.

"Say, this match Maurice fixed up fur me. How'm I goin' to get out of it? You're shrewd if you are young. Can't you give me a pointer? No use to ask Maurice to help me out of it. I'm willing to pay a big damage. I don't care how much in reason so's I get to keep Daisy an' your stepma."

"Oh, pshaw now, Clint," Oscar advised, "you let that wedding go on. It's the best thing ever happened to you. I am going to take mamsy and Daisy back to Oreston. I will tell uncle so tonight. He can easily get a manager as good as Joshua Beam, and one he can trust."

It was useless for Clint to urge Oscar to stay. His mind was fully made up that if his stepmother was homesick, back home he would take her—for awhile, at least.

"I like this country, and I am coming back some day again if I must leave it now. If I had come into my uncle's property, and he had really been dead, you know that it would have been as I once told you. I would have made a will leaving all to mamsy in case I died without other heirs. Maurice told me that was the way to do if I was so bound up in her, which I am. And, the will was only to stand until I was twenty-one, after that date I intended deeding her half during her life time. But that is only talk now. My uncle is alive and I am glad of it."

"I do not blame you for loving your stepmother. She is a sweet, patient woman, and has stood nobly by you. Never desert her, boy," Clint answered. Then added: "Your uncle can easily rent his land if he must go off roaming again, a bad move, I say, judgin' from his looks. Funny how he avoids women and doctors. But I'm of the opinion that he will never let you go away, and if he refuses to, your stepmother will never consent for you to stand in your own light for her. She's firm when it comes to a question of you."

"He told me that when you married, Wea could come and live with an old couple he gives house rent free to now on the place, though Beam had turned them away. And he told John Smith to come and make his home with us every winter, if he wanted to. He is kind as can be, but says nothing about mamsy and Daisy. His head is a little worse today; I'll not get up a conversation with him about that matter until he gets better. Then I will tell him that the only way I can stay near him will be by him allowing me to rent one of his cottages and make our home there. I will do all to please him. Otherwise, if he will not agree to this, I will go back to Oreston. I—I don't like to leave him, either, I like uncle. I wish we had known each other sooner. He says so, too, and blames himself." Oscar's voice failed him. He said no more.

It never came to a question between them. The next morning Oscar, rising early as was his wont to do, found him sitting where he had left him the night before, at his desk. One hand still propped his tired head, the other lay over a fountain pen on a sheet of paper. Oscar touched both. Cold in death. Somewhere between bedtime and the dawn, the spirit of Thomas Hartley had gone out into the mists of Eternity, seeking its twin spirit.

Under the hand he had begun to trace, after the usual preliminary to a will: "To my beloved nephew, Oscar Hartley—" That was all. But without cavil or hindrance now, the law handed over to Oscar his inheritance in trust. He had come willingly, peacefully and righteously into his own, and mamsy and Daisy came to live with him in his happy home.

The end.

* * *

Woman in the Navy.

At least one woman has served in the U. S. navy. But according to Edgar Stanton Maclay, she has the roll to herself. Her real name was Louise Baker, and having enlisted as a marine she served throughout the war of 1812 on the famous frigate Constitution.

"For nearly three years," she says, "I passed for and performed the duties of a marine, during which time I was in three severe engagements and never absented myself from my post in time of danger. I have, like others of the ship's crew, freely associated with my shipmates, both at sea and on shore.

"And yet as extraordinary as it may appear, I have not the most distant idea that a single soul on board ever had the slightest suspicion of my sex. I have thoroughly studied the memoirs of Miss Deborah Sampson (who, disguised as a man, served in the continental army during the Revolution without her identity being discovered) and by strict adherence to the precautionary means by which she was enabled to avoid an exposure of her sex I also was enabled to conceal mine."

The Constitution engaged in three of the more important single-ship actions of the 19th century: That with the Guerriere, the Java and the double action with the Cyane and Levant.

Speaking of the action with the Guerriere, Miss Baker says: "I was all this time in the top plying my faithful musket with the best success whenever the smoke would permit me to see a bluejacket of the enemy. In the heat of the action a grapeshot struck and splintered the butt of my musket. It was noticed by one of my comrades who stood within a few feet of me, who, patting me on the shoulder, exclaimed:

"'Never mind it, George! You have won laurels sufficient to recommend you to the pretty girls when you return to port.'"

In the British navy of the same period it was not uncommon for wives to live aboard men-o'-war with their sailor husbands. Scarce one of England's "walls of oak" in Nelson's time but had some woman aboard who braved the perils and hardships of the sea in order to be with her husband. In nearly every one of the 27 line of battleships under Nelson's command in the great battle of Trafalgar was one or more women, wives of sailors.

Surprise may be expressed that English men of warsmen were permitted to have their wives aboard. It was only by special permission of the admiralty that this could be done—and that permission was granted somewhat in the light of a penance for sanctioning the press gang system, which was largely in vogue at that time. Men were seized in the streets and other public places and compelled to serve in British warships because "the king needed men." Some of the men thus seized had political influence, and being unjustly compelled to serve in the navy were permitted to have their wives share their involuntary servitude.

* * *

Laxity of Parents an Evil.

"It is a great surprise to me how many girls, some of them not more than 12 years old, are allowed out on the streets in the United States, and especially in Cleveland, at night."

F. E. Peters, member of the staff of the London Daily Mail, made this statement at the Hollenden recently, according to the Cleveland Plain Dealer. He scored the motion picture theaters as a source of great evil. Many unsophisticated girls, he said, become acquainted with men and make appointments with them.

In the motion picture theater Peters sees the road to cafes, late hours, winerooms and the ruin of American girlhood. He strongly favors that measures similar to those in vogue in England be adopted in this country.

"In England," he said, "so-called 'white slavery' is almost unknown. When a case of it does arise every means is adopted to bring to justice the guilty ones and they are given heavy prison terms. 'Red light' districts are prohibited in England and in that way the danger of a young girl being made a 'white slave' is diminished.

"Authorities know all the female characters in the great cities like London, Liverpool, Manchester and Lancaster. All young girls promptly are arrested if seen on the streets or in cafes at hours when they should be at home. They are sent to their parents with the admonition that unless they stay home nights they will be sent to the reformatories. On a second offense they are sent to the reformatory."

* * *

Woman's Sphere in Portugal.

A good part of the farm work is performed by the women, who see no reason why they should regard digging, hoeing and plowing as the work of men alone. The man who owns a few acres of land will often leave its cultivation to his wife and daughters, while he labors as carpenter, stonemason or cooper, for cask-making is one of their important industries. He also likes to get a job as a waiter in one of the numerous hotels at seaside resorts, for the country has thousands of continental and English visitors. Women share in the heavy work of the cities as well. There are female porters, laborers on the docks, market tenders, and even women coal-heavers, fishermen, or rather fisherwomen and sailors. They are as strong and hardy as their husbands and brothers and seem to stand long hours and hard labor as well.

Of course it rather takes away the glamour of romance when one sees a young woman with finely chiseled features and beautiful black eyes digging with spade and mattock or heaving a basket of coal into a ship's hold with as much ease as the American girl plays tennis and golf. They seem happy under what we would consider hard conditions, so the reformer would probably have his labor for his pains if he suggested a change in this department of Portuguese national existence.

I WAS A Heavy Drinker

Consumed quart of whiskey every 24 hours.

CURED IN 3 DAYS

If you know anyone who drinks alcohol in any form, regularly or periodically, let me send my FREE book, "Confessions of an Alcohol Slave."

I drank beer at first, then gradually developed into a drinker of strong liquors. When drinking heavily I wouldn't hesitate to pawn my coat or break a saloon window to get spirits. For long periods I would drink over a quart of whiskey, rum or gin daily. And some mixed drinks and beer additionally!

I damaged business, health and social opportunities, made family miserable, lost real friends and became an unworthy, unwelcome burden upon all except the saloonkeepers, who cheerfully took my money for the poison they gave me.

For 16 years I kept it up, and I was regarded as a hopeless case. Various "cures" did me no good. But now I have **a joyful message** for drinkers and

Mothers, Wives, Sisters

While drifting from bad to worse, as all slaves of King Alcohol do, I unexpectedly **found a true cure.** It was and is genuine. It saved my life. **My health was quickly restored.** I became [illegible] a respectable man, enjoying every benefit of freedom from the accursed alcohol. I speedily and naturally lost all desire for drink. I took less and less. I began to prefer tea, coffee and other non-alcoholic liquids; the **craving for liquor ceased,** I could sleep perfectly, my stomach became well and I recovered from other ailments which I now know were due to my indulgence in strong drink.

WONDERFUL

My cure lasted 3 days; if I had relied upon will power or faith I would still be a drunkard, because an alcohol slave has **no will power while drinking.** I rejoiced so greatly at having found a true cure that I decided to devote my life to removing the curse from others. My success has been marvelous. During eight years **I have personally attended to over 6000 men and women who were addicted to drink;** the list includes very many persons notable in all walks of life, including those of brains and those of physical energy. If I were permitted to mention names of those who have been saved through this *quick, permanent cure* the public would be astonished. They include senators, congressmen, public officials, great lawyers, bankers, clergymen, noted merchants, skilled mechanics, trusted managers and clerks, farmers and others in all vocations.

I tell about the secret in my book, which I send **FREE** to every person (or relative or friend) who takes alcohol in any form to excess. My one purpose in life **is to cure the drunkard.** I rejoice in every cure, each victim has my sympathy. What I promise is absolutely guaranteed. My remedy is for either **steady or periodical drinkers.** Think of it—**a complete and permanent home cure between Friday night and Monday night**—or any other 72 hours!

Men or Women, Any Age, Quickly Cured.

To relatives, friends or employers I say—if you want to cure a drinker in the quickest time and permanently, with or without his knowledge and with absolute safety, read my book—changes despair to joy.

ABSOLUTELY FREE

I will send you my book, in plain wrapper, promptly, postpaid. It tells of my own career and the wonderful discovery and gives valuable advice. No other book like it. I especially appeal to those who had wasted money on treatments or remedies which have no lasting effect. Remember, **it costs nothing** and you will always be glad that you wrote. Correspondence strictly confidential. Cut this out if you cannot write today. Address:

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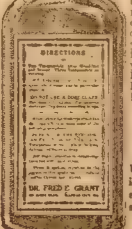

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Fits or Falling Sickness

March 14, 1909.

DR. F. E. GRANT,
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Doctor:—I wish to testify in regard to what your medicine has done for me. I was troubled with Epilepsy for 14 years, and tried our best physicians and many different remedies, but each made me worse instead of better. I happened to see your ad. in the paper, and from the day I began to take your medicine I improved. It is now two years since I have taken the medicine and I feel strong and healthy.

Yours truly,
O. WESTPHAL,
76 Edson St., Buffalo, N. Y.

I wish every person in the U. S. suffering from Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness to send for one of my large-sized 16-ounce bottles Free.

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A Beautiful Form.

The most beautiful object in nature is a woman perfect in form and coloring. The proportions of the perfect female form are strictly mathematical. The entire figure is six times the length of the foot. Whether the form be slender or plump, this rule holds good. Any deviation from it is a departure form the highest beauty of proportion. The Greeks made all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest point of the forehead, where the hair begins, to the end of the chin, is one-tenth of the whole statue. The hand, from the wrist to the end of the middle finger, is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point of the forehead is a seventh.

The beauty of the face depends much upon the profile, which, in its perfect form, approaches a straight line. Perfection in the nose requires that it should be so placed as to divide the face into two equal parts, and that it should be on nearly the same line with the forehead, with but a slight inflection at its junction. In woman the nose itself should be perfectly straight.

The law of perfect beauty requires that the mouth—that most expressive and eloquent feature of the human face divine—should be of medium size, but smaller in woman than in man. The curve of the upper lip is said to have furnished the ancient artists with a model for the bow of Cupid. It must slightly extend beyond the lower lip, which must, however, be more fully developed and rounded, turning outward, so as to leave between it and the chin a graceful curved hollow. The teeth must be small, slightly rounded, and perfectly even and white. The chin should be of moderate size, white, soft, and gracefully rounded.

Perfect beauty in the eye requires a long rather than a short opening between the eyelids, and immaculate clearness of both the white and the iris. Dark-blue, black, and brown eyes are most beautiful in woman. The eyes should be large rather than small.

The cheeks should be moderately plump, and delicately tinged with the hues of health. The most beautiful hair is fine and soft, especially in woman, and either wavy or curling. Brown, auburn, and golden are generally thought to be the most beautiful colors.

The neck, which is the most charming in woman, is white, smooth, straight, and flexible; less above, and increasing gently toward the shoulders. The shoulders should be white, rather narrow, and softly rounded, but firm and elastic.

The whiteness, firmness, and elasticity of the neck and shoulders should extend to the bosom, which must be well developed, but not so large as to be at all out of proportion with the rest of the figure. The breasts must be gracefully rounded, smooth, equal in size, and distinctly separated.

The arms and hands are susceptible of a degree of beauty of which we see but few examples. In woman, the arm is plumper and more rounded, and more flowing outlines than in man. The hand in woman is softer, whiter and fuller. The fingers, in their perfect form, are long, round, tapering and delicate.

Beautiful ankles are not rare, but the feet of the moderns, and especially the women, are almost universally deformed by tight boots. The second toe, which naturally projects most, as we see in the antique, is arrested in its development, and the foot, which in the outline of its extremity ought to approach the elegant form of the ellipsis, is rounded without beauty, and disfigured by ridiculous compressions. The ancients attached much importance to the form of the feet, and the historians, as well as the poets, frequently make mention of their beauty.

Conjoined with perfection of form in figure and face, we shall not fail to find the index of perfect functional integrity, a soft, smooth, transparent and delicately tinted skin. This is "the barometer of health and soundness of the individual, and the most indubitable sign of beauty." The cheeks must have the true blending of the rose and the lily. Too much redness is as far removed from the highest beauty as a deficiency of color.

Beauty is the grand external sign of health and integrity of all the organs, and the highest possible beauty can indicate nothing else than perfection in these particulars. A lack of beauty in any member or part of the body indicates a lack of health in that member or part. Beauty, the sign of health, has no fellowship with disease.

* * *

With the Goods.

The girl's father met the young man in the hall. The time was some nights later. There was a peculiar gleam of triumph in the older man's eye which the younger man was totally at a loss to fathom.

"You wish to speak with me before Miss Gladys comes down?" said the caller, repeating the words of the other.

"I do, young man," replied the girl's father; "just step in the parlor; I will not detain you more than a few minutes. Doubtless you are aware of the recent remarkable strides of science."

"Er—some of them."

"And doubtless you are familiar with the amazing invention by which it is possible to make a combination X-ray photograph and moving picture of a human being's brain."

"Hum—I have read something of it, I think. Very wonderful."

"Very wonderful, indeed. Well, the practical part of all this simply is that last Saturday night when you were here alone in the parlor with Gladys, you sat directly in front of one of these truly wonderful machines. It was in ambush behind the sofa, as it were. You were—er—young people call it holding hands, I have heard—and your conversation was most interesting. So was the record of emotion, unmistakable emotion, which was coursing through your brain."

The young man gripped violently at the sides of his chair.

"Here in my hand," the young woman's parent continued. 'I hold a combination X-ray photograph and moving picture of your thoughts and feelings at that time. I would give them to you gladly, only they are so precious from a scientific standpoint that I hesitate to let them leave my person, even for an instant. I—that is, Glady's mother, and myself—trust that you will have no occasion to alter your mental pose, for really these are very, very beautiful thoughts.

"Yes; I thought I could not be mistaken. Here comes Gladys now. Gladys, here is Mr. Fickleton."

* * *

Proficient in One Thing.

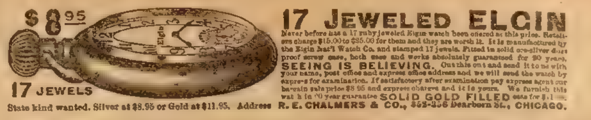
"This is a pretty bad report card," said the father of the young hopeful, as he

"And what is that?" hopefully inquired the father.

"Fightin'. I can lick any boy in' th' class!"

looked over the teacher's figures. "You seem to be 'poor' in pretty much everything."

"That's 'cause teacher only puts down th' studies I ain't good in. I ought to have 'excellent' in one thing."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BOY'S
AND
GIRL'S
CORNER

Tony Tripp's Adventures;

Or, THE BOYS FROM ALLABACK'S

By Capt. Hugh Hamilton

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CHAPTER I.

OFF FOR THE CITY.

"SO you're really going, Tony? Going to work for Uncle Jasper?"

"Yes, I'm off, Billy," replied Tony Tripp, as he proudly swung his new grip and climbed upon the railroad platform at Allaback's.

"Well, I wish you good-luck. Take care of number one and don't let the city sharps get the best of you."

"Thank-you, Billy. I wish you were going along."

"Maybe I'll follow by and by."

Tony set his grip down and the boys of the litte village which lay just beyond the hills gathered around him. Peter Pence, the artist of Allaback's, had painted conspicuously on one side of the handsome leather grip the name, "Tony Tripp. Allaback's, N. J." On the other side were just the initials "T. T.," for Peter had run out of paint, but Tony had said that the two letters would be sufficient as his full name was opposite.

Allaback's was more than one hundred miles from the teeming city towards which the country boy was bound. He was only sixteen, but a good stout lad, "full of ginger," as the saying goes and he was quite sure that he was able to take care of himself, especially since he had a rich uncle in the city.

Uncle Jasper had written Tony's mother that he needed a boy in the office and if she would consent to let Tony come, he was sure he could make it interesting for him. And so Tony had bought a new grip from the money he had earned about Allaback's and with high hopes had set out in search of his fortune.

"Good-by, Tony," waved the boys at the station as Tony climbed aboard the express. "Don't forget us. New York is a big place, so don't get lost in it."

The youth laughingly responded with his good-bys and the train, whisking round a curve, was soon out of sight. Tony placed the valise on the seat beside him and settled back. He tried to put on the airs of an old traveler and nonchantly handed his ticket to the conductor when he came round.

It was a new experience for the boy from Allaback's, but he resolved to make a man of himself, especially since Uncle Jasper whom he had not seen for years had kindly extended a helping hand.

"Elizabeth!" called out the conductor and Tony saw a stranger jump aboard. The individual came down the wide aisle and took the seat just behind Tony.

For a few minutes there was silence between the pair and then our young adventurer heard a voice behind him. The man was leaning over the back of his seat looking down into his upturned face.

"Going to the city, eh?" asked the man.

"Yes, sir."

"Never been there before?" The stranger had a taking voice and Tony answered as pleasantly.

"It's my first trip to New York. Uncle Jasper has sent for me and we didn't think it would be the thing to refuse to accommodate him."

A brief silence fell between the pair.

"So your Uncle Jasper lives in the city?" continued the man.

"Yes sir. He has an office in the Mohawk Building. Room 433, sixth floor."

"I know where it is," was the reply. "What business is your uncle engaged in?"

"He's a broker, sir, I believe."

"Quite well-to-do, then. No doubt he has offered you a job."

"He has. Of course I don't know yet just what my duties will be, but Uncle Jasper thinks he can use me in some capacity."

"No doubt of that. You look like a boy who can make good no matter where you are placed."

"Thank you, sir."

In a few minutes the man had largely ingratiated himself in Tony's good graces and the boy made room for him by putting his grip on the floor at his feet and the gentleman came over and took the vacant half.

"My name is Jerrold," said he. "I am in business in New York and I take a great interest in boys from the country. I think I know your uncle for I have seen him frequently—indeed we deal at the same bank, the Fifth National."

Tony did not know where his uncle dealt, but that made no matter. It was more than probable, he thought, that Mr. Jerrold knew Uncle Jasper.

"A boy setting out in life," continued the man in the same captivating tones," should be on the alert. There are many pitfalls for the unwary in a great city. All men cannot be trusted."

"That is true," said Tony. "May I ask what business you are engaged in?"

"I am a senior member of the importing firm of Jerrold & Hemrod," was the answer. "We import furs from Europe. When you have become somewhat at home in the city I should be pleased to have you call at our place."

"Thank you, sir. I have never seen a fur house. I have trapped some myself and am a little familiar with the fur bearers of New Jersey."

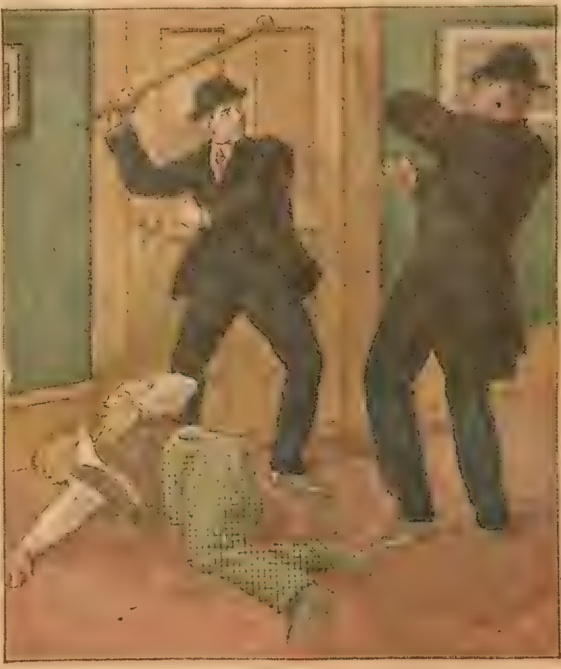
Before the train had reached Jersey City opposite New York Tony and the man who had called himself Jerrold had become very familiar. Tony rather liked him. He seemed so clever and not for a moment did he think that his new acquaintance was a wolf in sheep's clothing.

A boat was waiting at the ferry to take them across the river and the man picked up Tony's grip and carried it on board, followed by the boy from Allaback's.

All this was new to Tony. The great river widened before him and for the first time he caught a sight of the busy city destined to furnish him with some exciting and thrilling adventures.

While the boat was cutting the waters of the stream Jerrold informed Tony that he crossed Gold street on his way up town and would be glad to show him the Mohawk Building.

"It's a regular human bee hive," he explained. "I don't know how many offices are in it. It is what we call a 'skyscraper' like those over yonder. Your uncle Jasper will be glad to see you for he evidently knows just what sort of boy you are. I wish we had more like you in New York."



"Stand off!" shouted Tony.

"I'm going to try to please Uncle Jasper," said Tony with rising pride. "I've made up my mind to that."

The boat slipped into its pier and began to discharge its human freight. Tony and his companion were among the first to disembark.

"We won't take a car," said Jerrold, as he pushed through the crowd with the boy from Allaback's at his heels. "You'll see more of the city if you walk."

Jerrold did not glance in either direction as he proceeded but led the way straight ahead.

A policeman who was almost brushed by the man gave him a searching look which Tony noticed, but did not say anything. Tony afterward recalled this incident.

"My office is on the second floor of this building," suddenly said Tony's friend, as they stopped in front of a tall building into the heart of which a stairway led. "I shall run up a moment and then guide you to the Mohawk. Come up with me."

Tony hesitated a moment for he thought of what Billy had said in his parting advice, but since he had had such an agreeable time on the cars with the man, he brushed his momentary suspicions aside and climbed the steps.

Jerrold was soon at the top of the

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[illegible] and looking back as if to see whether Tony was at his heels, led the [illegible] down a hall which seemed to lead to the [illegible] of the biulding.

"[illegible] we are," said Jerrold, opening [illegible] as he turned to his young com[illegible]. "Walk right in, Mr. Tripp."

Tony without more ado obeyed and [illegible] himself in a small room in the middle of which sat a man in a chair with his heels resting on a dingy looking oval table.

The surroundings did not look reassuring to the boy from Allaback's; the man in the chair looked untidy and besides he was smoking a very offensive cigar. When he turned his face Tony [illegible] that it was a bloated one and for the first time our young hero wished himself back in the country.

Jerrold shut the door behind him.

"Hello, Dan!" cried the man in the chair. "Back, are ye? In the name o' wonder who's that?" and he fixed his [illegible] on Tony.

Jerrold broke into harsh and trium[illegible] laugh and turned upon his com[illegible].

"[illegible] here, sir," he cried, suddenly changing his tones. "How much have [illegible]"

The real truth flashed upon Tony and he drew back almost dropping the valise in the thrill of the moment.

"Come! [illegible] what I say," continued the self-styled Jerrold. "If you don't [illegible] out it must become my unpleasant [illegible] to help you. No use raising an objection for it'll do you no good. You're our pigeon and we're going to pluck [illegible]"

Tony's face went white and his heart leaped suddenly into his throat with [illegible]. He had been led into a trap already. In other words, he had fallen into the hands of a brace of sharpers and that before he had been ten minutes in New York.

He clung to his valise for it contained all his worldly effects, not to mention some nice knick-knacks which his good mother had provided for his [illegible].

The man in the chair sprang to his feet and slouched menacingly forward. He looked like a brigand to the boy from Allaback's.

"You've got no right to rob me!" cried Tony, falling back as he faced the scoundrels. "I didn't think this of you, Mr. Jerrold."

Jerrold replied with an unfeeling laugh which seemed to set Tony's teeth on edge.

"No difference what you think," he hissed. "Shell out and be quick about [illegible]"

The second man made a move to get between the boy and the door, but Tony foiled him by placing his back against it as with one hand he felt for the knob.

"Don't let the young rat away!" cried Jerrold. "He's worth fleecing and business, you know, hasn't been very good of late, Chalk."

At that supreme moment Tony caught sight of a heavy cane which rested against the wall within reach and in a second it was in his hands. He raised it threateningly above his head as his clear eyes seemed to flash fire.

"Don't come any nearer!" he cried, facing the brace of precious rascals. "You've lured me into this den and I shall take my own part."

For a moment the two men paused in their mad career.

"He's but a kid," exclaimed Jerrold. "Seize him there, Chalk. If he gets off we'll lose some good picking."

The fellow called Chalk made a dash for Tony, hoping to take him unawares, but the next moment the heavy cane descended upon his head and with a cry of pain he tottered back.

In an instant Jerrold darted forward, but the whirling stick forced him back.

"Stand off!" shouted Tony. "I've wielded shinney clubs at Allaback School!" and with this Tony tore at the [illegible], and taking advantage of Mr. Jerrold's momentary fear, he pulled it open and with the grip in one hand raced with a white face toward the top of the staircase.

CHAPTER II.

ANOTHER KIND OF SHARK.

The boy from Allaback's could never tell exactly how he got to the bottom of that staircase. He seemed to make three steps at a time and it is a wonder that he reached the street without some broken bones

Taking a farewell look at the building, he hastened away. The first policeman whom he encountered directed him to Gold street and in a few moments the Mohawk Building came in sight. He had resolved to remain quiet in regard to his exciting adventure with the two sharps lest his uncle should think him "green," but at the same time he promised himself that he would look after Mr. Jerrold and his partner at some future time.

He entered the tiled vestibule of the Mohawk and saw the elevator boy in his chair at the lift.

"Going up?" asked the boy.

"Yes," said Tony, stepping inside. "Sixth floor. Mr. Sharp's office."

He was whisked to the desired landing in a jiffy and as the elevator opened to let him out the boy on duty said:

"Fourth door to the left," and Tony was again alone.

Pushing down the wide corridor he soon reached a door upon the glass of which he read this sign:

"SHARP & O'DELL
Loans & Brokerage
Business Strictly Confidential."

"Here at last," thought the boy from the country as he reached for the door knob

He had but a very faint recollection of his Uncle Jasper and would not know him if he met him on the street. In another moment he had opened the door and stepped forward.

Tony found himself in a well lighted office, not unlike thousands of its kind in the city. His roving eye made out two men who occupied the place, each at his own desk. He was in a dilemma for which of the pair was his relative he was not certain. However, he cut out with a guess and approaching one of the men, he bowed and held out his hand.

The man who faced him gave him a look which took in his stature from head to foot and then with an amused smile, he too held out his hand.

"You must be Tony Tripp?" he said.

"And you are Uncle Jasper"

"Yes, sir. I'm your uncle," and Tony was waved to a chair in which he seated himself.

The other man turned round in his chair and gave him a look which he returned with a bow.

"I'm glad you've come," said Jasper Sharp to the boy. "I hardly looked for you so soon. You got through all right?"

"Yes sir. It isn't so far, you know."

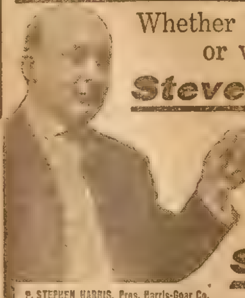
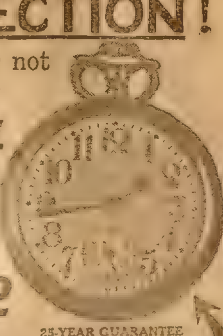
"No, but you haven't traveled much," was the reply. "You'll get used to the city before you're much older. Mr. O'Dell?"

The partner turned again and was introduced to Tony.

"This is my nephew Tony Tripp from Allaback's" said Sharp. "He's my sister's boy and there's good blood in him."

Tony blushed and tried to receive the compliment with the best grace possible.

He did not like the looks of Mr. O'Dell. His uncle's partner was a large red-faced man with saffron whiskers and a pair of evil piercing eyes. These eyes had the faculty of giving one the

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Cured without [illegible] a single day without losing a single hour from work.

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We have so much faith in the Cluthe Truss that we are willing to let you prove, by trying it at our risk, just what it will do for you.

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And, in addition—while you go on working, remember—it soon overcomes the weakness which is the real cause of rupture—

Does it by massaging the weak ruptured parts. All ent[illegible].

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And it tells all about the Cluthe Truss—how little it costs—how it ends all expense [illegible] is water-proof—how it has no springs, bars, belt or elastic around your waist, no [illegible] straps, nothing to pinch, chafe, squeeze or bind. And how you can try a Cluthe Truss entirely at our risk.

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"creeps" whom they looked at and Tony was glad to escape their malign influence as soon as he could.

Jasper Sharp asked a few questions about Tony and his mother and then informed the new arrival that he had already secured quarters for him on a street which was not very far from the office. Tony was told to make himself at home while the two partners turned their attention to a young girl who had timidly entered the place.

Tony could not help hearing the conversation that passed between her and the two men.

"We don't make small loans if we can help it," said O'Dell.

"But we must have money," was the reply. "Our rent is a little past due and the landlord is pushing us. I'm sure mother would not have sent me here if it were not a matter of absolute necessity."

Sharp and O'Dell put their heads together and conversed in low tones.

"Let me see the articles," suddenly said the red-faced man turning to the girl.

She drew a small packet from her bosom and began to untie it. Tony noticed that her fingers trembled as if she had been out in the cold and all at once he saw a tear drop forcing its way down her cheek.

When she had opened the packet she poured out upon the table a few trinkets some of which shone with a striking luster.

"We wouldn't part with these," said she, "unless it was a case of dire want. These are mother's wedding jewels, the ones her father gave her."

"Sentiment, miss, does not enter into any transactions in this office," said O'Dell heartlessly. "We are here for business and business alone."

There was no reply.

"How much rent do you owe?" asked the man.

"Sixteen dollars."

"Well, we'll advance that amount on the jewels."

"What! only sixteen dollars?" cried the girl, reaching out a wan hand towards the table. "Why, sir, I've heard mother say more than once that they cost four hundred dollars."

"Very well," replied O'Dell. "If you don't want the sixteen dollars on them you can take them away."

The girl glanced at Tony who was watching the proceedings with rising indignation. He was getting a new opinion of Uncle Jasper.

"I suppose we'll have to accept of your terms for we are liable to be evicted," she answered, finding no pity in the two faces near her.

"Make out the papers, Sam," said Jasper Sharp.

This was soon done, the girl signed them and was handed the sixteen dollars. Tony watched her depart with a white face as she hugged the money to her bosom and O'Dell gathered up the jewels and put them away in a large safe which stood at one side of the room.

The door had hardly closed on the slight figure of the young girl who was quite pretty when it opened again to admit a man of fifty who came forward and dropped wearily into a chair.

"What is it, sir?" asked Jasper Sharp brusquely. "We are very busy today."

"I've called to see if I couldn't get a loan on this," and he pulled out a beautiful gold watch.

Sam O'Dell's ravenous eyes glittered the moment they fell upon the timepiece.

"Where did you lift that ticker?" he asked with a malicious grin.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. O'Dell, but I'm no thief," cried the man as his face went scarlet. "I'm poor, but I'm honest, I trust."

"But that watch is too good for a man like you."

"I know it, sir, but I got it when I was in good circumstances and——"

"Time is money with us," put in Tony's uncle. "What do you want on the watch?"

"I'd like twenty dollars at any rate."

"Why don't you want the earth?" laughed Sam O'Dell. "If we were to loan at the value people place on their effects we'd be in the poorhouse inside of six months."

The man bit his lip but did not reply.

"We'll advance three dollars on the ticker," said Sharp.

"What?" cried the stranger, returning the timepiece to his pocket. "You don't want any interest. Oh, no! I'll venture to say you've robbed the poor girl whom I encountered in the hall."

Tony wondered what the reply to these bitter words would be, but to his astonishment the two partners laughed.

The owner of the watch winced a little and looked at the watch again.

"I'm in a tight place," said he. "I've got to make a raise somewhere. It's no use."

He laid the timepiece on the table with a sigh and was handed the loan after which he rose and faced the two men.

"I'll redeem my watch within the twenty days," said he. "I'll be on time."

"Very well."

"And before I go I want to say that never in all my life have I run against such a pair of robbers as you men."

"Oh, we've heard such ravings," replied O'Dell, as he handed the papers to the man for his signature. "Good day, sir."

At the door the man paused and looked back, his face white and tense and his eyes flashing like a pair of stars.

"If you don't get your dues one of these days my name's not Evan Bates."

The name sent a thrill through every fiber of Tony's frame. He had heard his friend Billy Bates say that he had an uncle in New York, a man whom the family had not seen for years and as Tony stared at the speaker he half believed that he saw some resemblance between the man's face and Billy. In a moment, however, the man was gone and Sam O'Dell with a cruel laugh added the watch to the poor girl's jewels.

"We've got to accommodate all sorts of people," said Jasper Sharp, turning to Tony whom he knew had been a silent spectator to these proceedings. "Sam and I have great sympathy for the poor and we help them whenever we can."

The boy from Allaback's didn't know about this. He had been thunderstruck at the hard bargains which had been driven in his presence and he couldn't see how pity had entered into the transactions.

Half an hour later he found himself alone in the office, for the two partners had gone out and he had been told to tell all visitors that they would be back in an hour.

Left to himself Tony went to the window and gazed down over the great throbbing city which lay far below him. It was his first real sight of New York and he compared it to little Allaback's nestling among the New Jersey hills far away.

He was thus engaged lost to everything but the splendid view from the window when the door opened and he turned to confront a man who had just entered.

"Where's Sam?" asked this personage as he glanced round the room.

"If you mean Mr. O'Dell—"

"I mean Sam, that's what I call him," was the sudden interruption.

"He's just gone out with Mr. Sharp."

"Oh! didn't leave any word for me, eh? My name 's Dickson."

"They left no word for you with me," said Tony.

"I never saw you here before," and the fellow looked the boy over from head to foot.

"I suppose not. I've just come to the city to work for Uncle Jasper."

"Oh, I see,—a country jake? You'll get your pin feathers cut if you stay here long!" and with a laugh Mr. Dickson turned and tramped out the office.

CHAPTER III.

TONY SHOWS HIS GRIT.

It was a month later and the boy from Allaback's sat in the office of Sharp & O'Dell.

He was quite alone, for the two partners had gone somewhere and the office had been left in his charge.

During the time which had passed since his arrival in the city he had learned a good deal. Having to run errands for Jasper Sharp he had familiarized himself with much of the busy mart and he had written some interesting letters home. Billy Bates had replied, saying that he thought of coming to the city to look after his missing uncle whom Tony was inclined to believe was the identical man who had pawned his watch for the miserable sum of three dollars.

The man had called once for the watch with the redemption money, but Sam O'Dell had declared that he came too late and threatened to place him under arrest if he made a cry about the matter. Tony knew that Evan Bates was in the right about it, but he dared not open his mouth for fear of incurring the ill will of his Uncle Jasper and so the incident stood while the firm had possession of the timepiece.

It was little less than downright robbery and the boy hoped that justice would overtake Sam O'Dell in a summary manner.

He had written Billy to be careful when he came to the city and not fall into the hands of sharpers as he had done, but since the dispatch of the letter he had not heard from his friend. He told Billy to inform him when he was coming and he would try and meet him at the ferry and he would share his humble lodgings with his young friend from Allaback's.

On this particular day when Tony was alone in the office his mind was back in the little station in New Jersey.

He did not hear the door swing ajar nor see the hulking form of Sam O'Dell as it crossed the room to the desk in one corner.

"Anybody been here?" snarled the big man.

"No one, sir," answered Billy's friend.

"I say," said Sam, after he had lighted a cigar and taken a chair at the desk. "I say, Tony—that's what they call you, eh?—you've never blubbered about the little adventure you had the day you struck the city"

The boy started.

"What adventure?" he asked as if the incident had slipped his mind.

"Don't you remember it?" laughed Sam. "It happened somewhere on Hopkins street, I believe."

"Oh, I did have a little adventure," confessed Tony as he wondered how Sam O'Dell could have heard of it, seeing that he (Tony) had never breathed a word about the matter.

"So I've heard. You certainly got on your dignity, eh?"

The boy flushed.

"Those fellows were sharks," said he.

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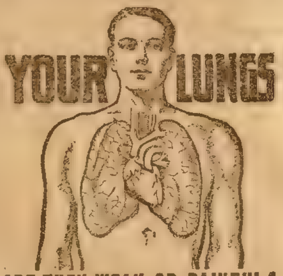

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"They intended to rob me. I was foolish to trust the man Jerrold as far as I did."

"You seem to go on the theory that all strangers are rascals," observed O'Dell. "That won't win in New York as you'll find out before you're an old man."

"They demanded my money!" exclaimed Tony. "Don't that look like robbery?"

"They were just trying you, seeing that you were fresh from the country?" laughed the big fellow. "You mustn't take everybody you meet for highwaymen or thieves."

"Well, I haven't changed my opinion of those two men," the boy exclaimed.

"I happen to know Mr. Jerrold," continued O'Dell. "He's a nice man."

"I don't think so."

Sam flicked the ashes from his cigar and continued to observe Tony half maliciously.

"You like your Uncle Jasper?" he suddenly inquired.

"Yes, sir. He's treated me nicely since I came here."

"Of course he has. Now, sir, you serve me the same time you serve him."

"But you're no relative of mine."

"No, no relative. Now, listen to me. Do you remember the young girl who came here the day you arrived and pawned some jewels?"

"I recall her distinctly, sir."

"Well, she's written us a mean letter."

"I wouldn't have thought it was in her she looked so ladylike," answered Tony.

"If she comes here when we're out you'll show her the door," said O'Dell heartlessly.

"She redeemed the jewels, didn't she?" the boy ventured.

"She's got all that's coming to her and her mother," replied Sam, evasively. "I don't want her around. You have your orders. If she comes round there's the way out for her."

Tony did not speak.

"Those jewels weren't wedding jewels at all," Sam went on. "It was a patched up story to work on our sympathies."

"She looked honest—"

"In your eyes, Tony; not in mine," was the interruption. "You'll know the sheep from the wolves by and by."

Tony was thinking he had his eye teeth cut in that direction already.

"If that girl comes in here while we're out show her the door, and if she doesn't go out at once assist her. And you needn't handle her with gloves either."

Sam O'Dell turned and busied himself at the desk. By and by Jasper Sharp came in and went to his own desk, while Tony, with nothing to do for the moment, crossed over to the window.

All at once he heard behind him a voice that sent a thrill of excitement through his whole frame. He could have told who had entered the office without turning.

"It's our busy day," he heard his uncle reply, but the next moment the strident tones of Sam O'Dell rang through the office.

"Get out! We didn't send for you!"

By this time Tony had turned to gaze into the face of the girl who had pawned the wedding jewels. She was neatly dressed and her face was white, Tony thought, from want and she fixed the two men with a pitiful expression.

"Please, sir," she went on as Tony looked breathlessly. "I don't like to bother you, sir, but——"

"We're busy, I say," roared Sam O'Dell. "Besides, I've already told you that the incident is closed."

"But the jewels, sir. We've lost the papers which I signed when I received the sixteen dollars. Mother thinks it must have been stolen."

"Nonsense!" cried O'Dell. "We're used to such yarns here. Who's going to rob your roost I would like to know."

"Couldn't you give us back the jewels if we raked up sixteen dollars?"

"No siree, not unless you produce the agreement papers."

"But we can't do that."

"Then the jig's up," laughed O'Dell.

"Mother says —"

"See here!" cried the great hulk of a fellow, rising from his chair. "We can't afford to be interrupted. Time is money with us and we must insist on your departure."

The young girl stood rooted as it were to the floor.

"Tony, show her the door!" cried O'Dell.

Tony at this seemed to feel all his blood rush to his brain. He pitied the girl, who turned toward him hoping, as he could see by her expression, to find some sympathy in his face.

"Escort her out, Tony," commanded Sam O'Dell. "We don't lose time with spawn of that sort."

Never before had the boy from Allaback's heard such infamous words spoken in the presence of a young girl. Sam O'Dell's face was a fiery red.

"What are you waiting for, Tony?" cried that worthy. "Take her downstairs and don't be gentle about it either."

"I shall do nothing of the kind!" flashed our hero, as he faced the [illegible] O'Dell. "In the first place I don't believe you have any right to treat the young miss as you have."

"You don't, eh?" roared Sam. "I say, Jasper, is this the sort of relative you've imported into the city? He's a precious muff, ain't he?"

Tony turned towards his uncle but found no sympathy in his eyes.

"Aren't you going to put the lying

(Continued on page thirty-one.)

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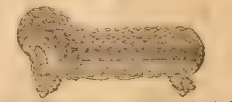

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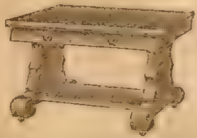

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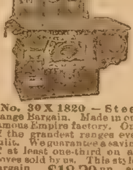

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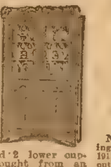

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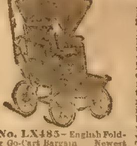

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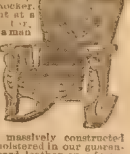

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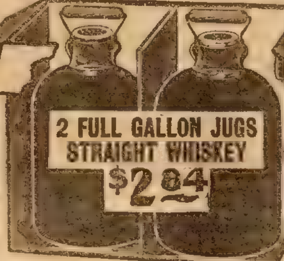

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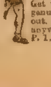

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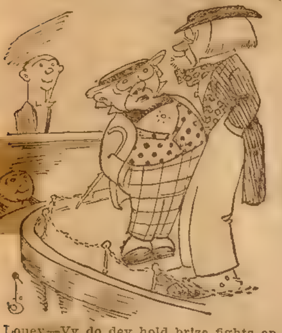

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'See here! Where did you hear all this?'

I've been out collecting for the heathen."

Free Book About Pianos.

To help advertise their business a big Chicago piano concern is giving away a book full of all sorts of information about pianos. This looks like a good chance for every one contemplating the purchase of a piano. If you would like a copy free just send your name and address to the Reed & Sons Piano Mfg. Co., 241 Wabash avenue, Chicago, which is the concern in question.

Too Much of a Strain.

"I don't think grand opera in English will be any improvement."

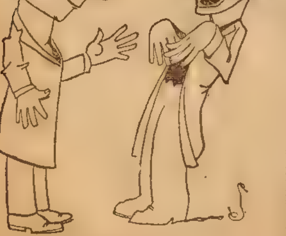
'You don't?"

"No. When I go to a grand opera in French I know I can't understand what they're singing and I take it easy. But the strain to try to understand English as the grand opera stars will sing it will just about drive me crazy."

J. P.

Those suffering from weakness and lack of vigor should take JUVEN PILLS. One box will tell a story of marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1. Made by its originators, C. I. HOOD CO., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, LOWELL, MASS. (z)

A Miracle.



'Heard about Sheppy, the deaf farmer?"
"What's he done?"
"He drove in his flock and herd."

A Good Cough Mixture.

Simple Home-Made Remedy Free From Opiates and Harmful Drugs.

An effective remedy, that will usually break up a cold in twenty-four hours and quickly relieve the most irritating cough, is easily made at home by mixing together in a large bottle, 2 ounces of glycerine, a ½ ounce of virgin oil of pine and 8 ounces of pure whisky. Shake well and take a teaspoonful every four hours. The necessary ingredients are inexpensive and can be bought in any good drug store.

This formula is the one used and recommended for many years by the late Dr. W. A. Leach, founder of the Leach Chemical Co., Cincinnati, O., in whose laboratories the genuine virgin oil of pine is compounded.

Emulating the Lark.

The old farmer came in from milking and found his son dreaming, with the bright sun shining on his pillow.

"Boy," he shouted sternly, "this is no time to be sleeping! After this you must get up with the lark."

"All right, dad," yawned the youngster, "after this I will."

The next morning the old farmer came in from his milking and found his son sitting on the stile singing as blithely as if there was no such thing as work.

"Why, boy," stormed the exasperated sire, "this is worse than sleeping! What do you mean by loafing on that stile and singing at the top of your voice?"

The lad grinned.

"Well, dad, you told me to be like the lark, and that's all he does when he gets up early."

Predicament.

Two men of Milwaukee were discussing the case of a person of their acquaintance whose obituary, it appears, had been printed by mistake in one of that city's newspapers.

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed one of the Germans, "so dey haf printed der funeral notice of a man who is not dead already! Vell, now, he'd be in a nice fix if he vas one of dose beople vot believes everything dey sees in der bapers!"

* * *

The highest praise a man ever gets is ladled out at his funeral.

Try Murine Eye Remedy

for Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, $1.00. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, $1.00. Eye Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail.

Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Lest He Go Hungry.

Sometimes men do things out of selfishness rather than out of kindness. Recently a club woman told this story:

"An old couple came in from the country with a big basket of lunch to see the circus. The lunch was heavy. The old wife was carrying it. As they crossed a crowded street the husband held out his hand and said: 'Gimme that basket, Hannah.'

"The poor old woman surrendered the basket with a grateful look.

"'That's real kind o' ye, Joshua,' she quavered.

"'Kind!' grunted the old man. 'Gosh, I wuz afeared ye'd git lost.'"

Hard on the Ocean.

The steamship Persian was speeding over summer seas, when one of the gay, young and inquiring girls who are found on every trip, skipped up to the captain and asked:

"Captain, are we really going fast? It seems as if we were just crawling."

"Fast," answered the captain, gruffly, "of course we are going fast. With nothing to see but water and sky you can't judge our speed, but my dear, young lady, the friction of the boat is so great it makes the water hot aft."

"I don't believe it," giggled the girl, and the captain with a great show of indignation, called for a rope and bucket to prove his words. These brought he slung the pail down aft of the vessel, directly under the drain pipe of the galley, where hot water runs all day, and brought it up smoking, to the astonishment of the awe-stricken girl.

A long, lean Yankee, who had been watching the performance, then came forward and drawled: "Say, cap, that must make you change your course mighty often."

"Change my course?" blustered the captain. "What would I change my course for?"

"Well," said the Yankee slowly, "so darn much friction as that must wear the ocean out mighty quick."

Howlers.

Here is a selection from the schoolboy mistakes submitted in a competition for a prize for the best collection, offered by the University Correspondent:

"'Mute, inglorious Milton.' These epitaphs are used by a writer who was envious of Milton's being Poet Orient.

"Calvin was a noted scientist and peer who died lately.

"Magna Charta said that the king had no right to bring soldiers into a lady's house and tell her to mind them.

"Shakespeare made a mistake in mentioning Galen, who did not live till a hundred years after his time.

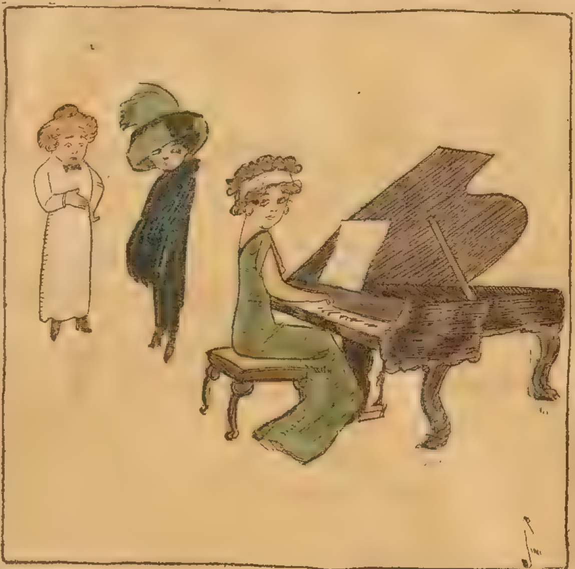
"Panama is a town of Colombo, where they are trying to make an isthmus."

A POINTER FOR HIM.

They were seated in the parlor,
  Midnight was drawing nigh;
"Where points the hand of time?"
  Asks the youth with a sigh.

The maid suppressed another yawn—
  She had strangled many more.
"The hand of time," she answered,
  "Is pointing to the door."

AT THE PIANO.



'How sweetly your daughter plays!"
'Yes, it sounds so well I fear she is not improving."

Wear This Stylish Suit

"Clothes Make the Man!"

The man who is admired is the best dressed man whose clothes are fashionable, and are 1911 styles. You will be that man in your neighborhoo 1911 styles are just in. Get this —the swellest, classiest, snappiest style we ever created—and help your appearance! THIS IS OUR IDEA: We want one man as representative in your neighborhood. You've got a lot of friends. They wear cloth It is the easiest thing in world to get them to order their clothes from you. Prices $7.50 up. Those or less men in a big business that more than double your salary, and the work is easiest, cleanest, nicest occupation in the world. New representatives make $5 to $11 a day. You simply take the order and measurements and mail them to us. We make the clothes, ship them on approval to your friend and hand you the profit money. A Regular Cinch! That's the beauty of being in business for yourself. Straight down now write us a postal or a letter for the free outfit to representatives. And you get the swellest suit of fashionable, tailor-made, all-wool, 1911 clothes ever worn in your neighborhood. If your personal appearance and a big business is worth a postal or a 2-cent stamp to you, then act now. Write us today. Address

(15)

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MARRIAGE PAPER free. Best and most reliab published. Eastern Agency 55, Bridgeport, Con.

$3.50 Recipe Free For Weak Men.

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have it Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3791 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

BLOOD POISON

Cured by the Marvel of the Century, the Obbac System

Drives out blood poison in any stage permanently, without deadly mercury, or iodide of potash, but with purely vegetable, safe ingredients. To prove it we will send you a

30 Day Treatment Free

Symptoms leave quick. Cure yourself at home now. Send for free treatment and remarkable book on Cure of Blood Poison.

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BIG G

CURES Men & Women

Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents contagion.

Sold by Druggists, or in plain wrapper, express prepaid, on receipt of $1. or three bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request.

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FREE $1 BOX ON TRIAL

THE WEAK MADE STRONG

BIEL'S NERVE TABLETS act on the Vital Organs, Generate Vital Warmth and Nerve Force. Make you feel Strong, Vigorous, full of Natural VIM and equal to the Duties and Pleasures of Life. If you suffer with Lost Vitality, are Nervous, Weak, Worn out, Lack Strength, Energy, Ambition, Weakness or Pain in Heart, side or shoulder, Feel Despondent, Restless, have Dizzy Spells, Bad Dreams, Poor Memory, Pain in Kidneys or Liver, are Thin, Weak, Run Down; try BIEL'S NERVE TABLETS. Let us send you a full month's treatment on trial. When you are satisfied that they bring back Health and make life worth living, then pay us $1. Send name and address and we will mail you a DOLLAR BOX AT ONCE.

BIEL MFG. CO. Dept. 820 DENVER, COLO.

Grant's Sacrifice.

inued from page four.)

"With what are you
rder," Grant told him.
e innocent; I'll stake my
nnocent," his friend declared.
he fact, Gordon."
innocent," Grant was forced
and his tone carried convic-
shall be judged guilty."
ney can clear you," offered
ton, but the officer hastened
ward a steamer that was
out, bound for New York.
detective, shared a room
soner. This forced intimacy
shed the pair on a level of
mradeship. It was no part of
siness to pass judgment on
t which placed Grant in his
e would, at the risk of life,
ver his prisoner to the law.
antime the detective found
well informed and altogether
The two—officer and pri-
ed a deep and lasting friend-
regard was the more pro-
each knew that the other
uptible. Grant would have
ard's respect if he had been
bribery; Anson would have
nself in his prisoner's estima-
ering freedom. One privilege
ranted while in mid ocean; the
were removed for personal
Then, during the dragging
two read, smoked or conversed
onal topics. In this manner
rned the reason of Anson's
at that particular date, in

trailing Jim Mosher," Anson
one day while they smoked on
covered three continents but
ctric eel. He gave me the slip
turn. I've left a man on the
and am going back to the
ment. You know when hounds
in the chase they begin over at
Well I'm going back to where
was fresh. And as I was
be in Liverpool waiting to
eived orders to meet and bring
me."
hat is this Mosher wanted?"
ired.
owing," Anson told him. "He's
est safe breaker in the two
es. Then, too, he's wanted for
urders. Altogether, Mr. Jim
the most badly wanted man on
By George," the detective burst
ather catch Jim Mosher than
ent!"
s Anson treated himself to an
he smokingroom with chatting
s. During this time Grant,
acles replaced, settled in their
ateroom for an hour's quiet
Sometimes he covered up with
rug and slept on the lower
ut never was the formality of
d handcuffs and locked doors

this necessity," Anson, as
marked the last night of their
"But we're nearing the harbor
e censured for negligence if I
take precaution."
ouldn't be the man I think you
u neglected duty," Grant re-
And the irons are not uncom-

ere not physically painful, yet
son passed out the prisoner sat
egarding his badge of dishonor.
ind came, unbidden, the horror
lic trial in his home city. He
imagination, see the sorrowful
his friends, the sneering coun-
of enemies. He now knew be-
dow of doubt that he would be
of murder. Anson had told
an's death and burial. He could
o extenuating circumstances.
remained but to stand mute and
sentence. He thought of Ada
as being among the ones who
ear the decree. He saw, in
er look of astonishment and
contempt. The thought was
g.
to endure the thought he rose
eet and paced to and fro the
gth of their cabin. From the
window he could again see the
ghts of New York harbor. The in-
ckness of an autumn night gave
arp contrast. As the prisoner
hed slow moving lights of pass-
and barges he bitterly reflected
ore another night he would be
d to the humiliation of the Ber-
easurement. He, who had strug-
vard from the gutter with ex-
eals was to be branded as a
ut ever, like the minor strain in
e was haunted by the fear that
the long grilling of a trial
would weaken. Being himself a
e was well aware that a guilty
e is not to be trusted on the
Herbert would be summoned,
forced to testify regarding his
movements on the fatal night.
stand the strain? Grant feared
was apprehensive that the crush-
of the son's guilt would fall on
s he wished to shield. This
be.
bowed head he pondered the
be pursued. His lowered gaze
is sagging handcuffs. Suddenly the words of Mrs. Gorham flashed into mind:

"Your hands ought to be worth a fortune. I believe if you git in a tight place you could squeeze out."

With a stride he was before the marble basin, had with both manacled hands, turned the faucet then added soap until the water foamed. Into this lather he immersed his hands and tried, with bated breath, to slip one thin steel hoop from a slimy wrist.

The metal slid to the thumb, then stopped relentless. He pulled, twisted and strained with cool and steady purpose. Knowing that the left hand is less developed than the right he confined his effort to freeing that wrist. A glance at his watch showed that his precious hour had been half wasted by his useless reverie. He resolved to hasten at the expense of physical pain. With a mighty last wrench that nearly caused him to swoon he tore the steel circle over bleeding flesh.

A handkerchief staunched the flow of blood and he used the right hand with its dangling chain and hoop to pull the plug and rinse the basin. This done he paused to listen for Anson's familiar tread. Hearing no sound but the passing and repassing of waiters busy at their tasks he considered the opening of the locked door.

From a small metal-bound coin purse he tore free a strip of wire-like iron. This he fashioned into a tool. School day escapades had given him an insight into unbolting locked doors. He had barely tried his improvised key when he detected Anson's approach. The detective inserted his key. Grant caught up his steamer rug and threw himself prone in apparent sleep. Anson turned the knob and entered. During that instant Grant lived a night of suspense. Had he left an undetected drop of blood on the basin? Where had he dropped the mutilated purse? Would Anson examine his manacles? Was his agitated breathing like sleep? Finally the officer, satisfied with his scrutiny, retreated and closed the door. Then the bolt shot home. Finally his steps died in a diminuendo of sound.

The prisoner breathed freely. He was now assured of freedom from immediate surveillance. Again he resumed the task of picking the lock. To escape by the port-hole was impossible. The window was fastened as an added precaution and the decks swarmed with passengers watching the nearing land. For minutes that seemed hours he tried every device for slipping back the bolt. He found himself longing for Mrs. Gorham's

Stir him up! Scold if necessary! Make him change the color of his gray mustache.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50 cents to R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

Dr. Rainey Gives You A $1.00 Bottle of His Vitality Tablets FREE

The Best Remedy Known for Stomach, Blood, Nerves, Heart, Catarrh, Thinness, Debility, etc.

Dr. Rainey says: *"I consider this improved formula my greatest achievement. I believe it will cure more quickly the diseases and weaknesses mentioned below than any medicine I have ever put upon the market heretofore."*

STOMACH TROUBLES—Have you Stomach Pain, Belching, Lost Appetite, Bad Taste or Breath, Headache, Heartburn, Bloating, Gas, Spitting of Mucus, Gnawing, Empty Feeling, Lump in Stomach, Food Disagree, Pain Before or After Eating, Coated Tongue, Sore Mouth, Indigestion? Then you need **Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets**, and at once. They will relieve you quickly and permanently, improve appetite, digestion and general health.

THE BLOOD—Pimples, Blackheads, Sores, Blotches, Pale, Sallow Complexion, Lips Blue, Specific Blood Poison, Eczema, Malaria, Enlarged Joints or Glands, Chilly, Feverish, Run Down, Debilitated, Weak, Emaciated? You surely need **Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets**. They restore strength and fibre to the blood, so it will furnish nourishment to the whole body.

THE NERVES—Nervous Debility, Weakness, Jerking, Jumping, Excitable, Tired, Worn Out, Feel Like Falling When Eyes Closed and Feet Together, Restless at Night, Poor Memory, Melancholy, Despondent, Wake Up Unrefreshed, Weak Trembles, Dizzy, Fainting Spells, Hands or Feet Numb, Neuralgia, Lack Energy, Strength, Ambition? You need **Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets**. They restore nerve tissue to normal condition, steady the nerves, banish the blues, make you feel full of life, vigor, ambition, and many years younger.

HEART—Weakness, Skipping of Beats, Fluttering, Palpitation, Pain in Left Side, Pains Under Shoulder Blades, Shortness of Breath, Dizzy, Sinking Sensations, Cold Extremities, Swollen Feet, Throbbing or Hammering Sensation, Can't Lie on Right Side or Back, Rheumatism, Asthma? Get **Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets**.

CATARRH—Hawking, Spitting, Accumulation of Mucus, Watery Discharge from Stomach, Spit up Slime, Nose Runs, Sneeze, Bad Odor, Dull Headaches, Catarrhal Deafness, Pains in Kidneys, Bladder, Lungs or Over Entire Body, Slimy Discharge from Bowels? Get **Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets** at once! They remove the cause.

THINNESS—Under Weight, Hollow Cheeks, Flat Chest, Scrawny Neck, Dyspepsia, Thin Blood? Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets build you up in every way. Guaranteed to make you gain 6 to 25 lbs. Will greatly improve your appearance.

NO SECRET FORMULA—The days of secret preparations are numbered. I give the formula of my Vitality Tablets on each bottle. Nothing to hide.

DR. RAINEY'S VITALITY TABLETS act directly through the stomach, enriching the blood, building up the nervous system; generate vitality, create nerve force, restore full strength and vigor, so you can enjoy life's pleasures to the fullest. Contain no injurious drugs. **Guaranteed under U. S. Food & Drugs Law (Serial No. 21068.)**

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Vitality Tablets
IMPROVED FORMULA
BRING VITALITY STRENGTH VIGOR CURE STOMACH BLOOD AND NERVOUS DISORDERS
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This Bottle is Absolutely Free! I will never ask you to pay for it. Nor are you under any obligation to buy more tablets. After you have tried them thoroughly, if you are satisfied the medicine is all I claim, I know you will be only too happy to continue until health, strength and vigor are completely restored.

I not only send you a Free Dollar Bottle of Vitality Tablets, which contains 120 tablets, but also a **Free box of my Laxatives, Improved Formula.** I ask only that you send 10c, stamps or coin, to partially defray cost of postage and packing on the 2 medicines. Don't delay writing. Send today.

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100 PROOF
STRAIGHT KENTUCKY WHISKEY
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The record-breaking success of our Emergency Slaughter Sale of **Old Lackland 100 Proof Straight Kentucky Whiskey** has convinced us that what we thought was a hardship has really turned out a "blessing in disguise." A whirlwind of orders swept in from cities, towns and farms. Hundreds of new customers, who took advantage of our wonderful offer, we are positive will become regular customers after testing our famous **Old Lackland 100 Proof Straight Kentucky Whiskey.** While we lost $1.40 on every order, yet we were actually gainers, because we believe that we can afford to charge this loss to advertising, and will regain the money sacrificed during the next twelve months.

So we are going to repeat this offer, and keep on doing so at a big loss just as long as we can keep on adding droves of new customers to our list of well satisfied patrons. Here is the offer that created the big sensation of the year in whiskey trade circles.

Send us **$3.40** and we will at once ship you by express one box securely packed containing **12 Full 16-Ounce Bottles Lackland 100 Proof Straight Kentucky Whiskey guaranteed under the National Pure Food Law** and pronounced by expert judges to be the purest, most wholesome and delicious whiskey ever distilled.

When the box reaches you, drink one full bottle to test the taste, strength and rare mellow qualities of **"Old Lackland,"** and if you fail to pronounce it absolutely the finest whiskey you ever drank, return the other 11 bottles and we will refund your money at once. We know that if you try **"Old Lackland,"** you will always want it, and must order from us in the future. Remember, you can get a **100 Proof Straight Kentucky Whiskey** for less than 29c a bottle! But you must act promptly. At this phenomenal price, the goods will go like wild-fire. Goods now ready for immediate shipment. Remember, we are selling $4.80 worth of these guaranteed, 100-proof goods at only $3.40. When the sale ceases, the $4.80 price will be restored. Make remittance by Money Order, Registered Currency or Draft direct to

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Treatment
Free.

THE TRUE REMEDY FOR
Kidneys, Bladder
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Not a Sample, Not a Test, Not a Trial or Proof Treatment, but a Regular Full Complete Course of Remedies.

TO TRY FREE

I will send, charges paid, TO TRY FREE, a Full, Complete, Three-Fold Combined Lexoid Course of Treatment to any suffering man or woman who needs the right kind of help. I do not ask for a penny in advance, not even a postage stamp. I will stand the entire expense myself and send the Treatment charges paid. There are no promises to make, no papers to sign, no references to give, no C. O. D's. to pay, and you are not obliged to spend a penny. I am making this offer because I wish to prove to every sufferer that releif can be had, that the nights of pain and sleeplessness and days of misery and despair can be turned into ones of happiness and comfort.

For my wonderful Treatment is now helping thousands to regain their health. Those suffering for years with the most chronic, severe, obstinate, longstanding cases find releif after all other remedies have failed to cure them. Among all classes, among either sex, among rich and poor, are those who can testify to the wonderful curing powers of my Treatment, and now I offer it to you TO TRY FREE—take it, use it, and see for yourself.

If you have Backache, Kidney, Bladder Trouble or Rheumatism, Dizziness, Puffy Swellings Under the Eyes, or in the Feet and Ankles, Nervousness, Tired, Worn-Out Feeling. If your urine is light and pale, dark color or cloudy, if you make water often, getting up during the night, if it smarts and burns while you pass it, if these is sediment or brick dust when it stands, write for this Treatment without out a minutes delay.

STOPS BACKACHE

Don't spend another needless day of suffering. My new Three-Fold LEXOID Treatment is now saving thousands from that Back-Breaking, Digging, Twisting, Terrible Torturing Agony, Eases Stiff Joints, Quiets those Heart-Wringing Rheumatic Pains, Soothes those unbearable Bladder Troubles and quickly stops the pain.

It would be practically impossible to take it within the human system without causing results. It drives away the poisonous impurities that clog the kidneys and cause the trouble. Cleanses, Purifies, Strengthens, Invigorates, and Encourages the Kidneys to Properly Filter the Blood. Stops the pain, gives strength to the nerves, life and ambition to the mind and body, and does it quickly, quietly, without loss of time.

I want every sufferer to know, to come, and try this Treatment, and see for themselves. I will send a full complete course, charges paid, ready to use, TO TRY FREE. Take it when it comes, USE HALF OF IT, and see just what it does. Then when you know it is helping you, when you know you are getting better, just send me a small amount, an amount within your easy reech, an amount you can easily afford to spare. That's all I'll ask. If you are not satisfied when you have taken half of it, return what's left and pay nothing.

I am the only one today sending a full Treatment TO TRY FREE. I couldn't afford to do it if I wasn't sure it would help you, if I didn't know what the Treatment would do. But you are to be the judge. It must satisfy you, it must help you, and you are the one to say. I don't want a penny if it fails. I would not take a cent I am not entitled to. I will leave it right with you yourself. I know what my Treatment will do, that's why I am making you the broadest, most straightforward, fair, most liberal, one-sided offer ever made. When I have confidence enough in my Treatment to send it to you this way, I know you will be willing to try it FREE at my expense and that's all I ask. Don't send a penny in your letter, not even a postage stamp, just your name and where to send the Treatment. Address your letter to me personally, like this: Dr. H. Michell DeWerth, 140 Lexoid Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

Send No Money;
Just This Coupon

DR. H. MICHELL DEWERTH,
140 LEXOID BLDG., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Please send me your regular, full, complete three-fold Lexoid Course of Treatment as you promised above, all charges paid, TO TRY FREE. Also your FREE BOOK about Uric Acid, Kidney, Bladder Trouble and Rheumatism.

My name is ....

Post Office ....

St. or R. F. D .... State ....

Please write name and address plainly

supply of burglar's necessities. But finally the act was accomplished with an ease that disgusted him with his delay.

His next undertaking was even more difficult than what had been done. He was now obliged to run the gauntlet of cabin boys, waiters, possibly the steward and straggling passengers, before he could reach the lower deck and carry out his design. His having been allowed to come and go unmanacled was in his favor. But that his guard was absent alone condemned. His only hope was in boldness of manner. If he did not happen on Anson or a suspicious passenger he might win out.

With his steamer cap adjusted to partially hide his face he opened his stateroom door then thrust his bloody left hand in his pocket and the still manacled right hand was similarily disposed. A movement of his foot closed the door behind him.

Then, with hands thrust deep in his coat pockets, he deliberately crossed the cabin to the stair that descended to the deck below. About him glowed the bead-like bulbs of countless electric lights. On every hand was the plush-covered magnificence of a steamer's saloon with its divans, potted palms, trembling with the engine's throb, and ivory-like woodwork. The ship's servants were still busied clearing the ruby-like diningroom but the passengers, without exception, were on deck.

Fortune attended him until he found his way to a dimly lighted hold where hatches had been part opened and some of the crew were already shifting forward freight. The roustabouts paid light heed to the idle passenger who evidently explored their lower world. They were oblivious to the fact that the exploring passenger seated himself on a cask, removed his shoes, tied them to his belt by the laces then departed from their midst by the extraordinary outlet of the open hatch!

When Grant slipped through the side opening and dropped into the black water surging at the ship's side his plunge fortunately sent him down many fathoms into the brine. This saved him from the suction of whirling propellers. His athletic knowledge of diving and swimming aided him to withhold his breath and master the situation with cool, calculating wisdom. Having regained the surface, he wasted no strength, but floated easily until rested. As he noted his distance from the receding light of the liner he cursed his precipitancy in taking to the water before the boat had lessened the space to the nearest shore. To swim with one hand wounded and the other carrying the pair of handcuffs presented a fearful handicap; the distance to be covered meant death by exhaustion in any case. He dared not call to passing craft for help lest he be delivered to the police. The tell tale manacles would betray his identity.

As he floated a quick-puffing tug darted by, an outgoing steamer surged through its own foam, then a belated barge steamed slowly landward with looped chains hanging at her side. These Grant noted in the light cast by the adjacent steamer. Instantly he swam to meet the lumbering barge and, by reaching upward with his right hand, managed to catch hold of the lowest chain. Then with both hands clasped about the loop he allowed the barge to tow him near its moorings. Above him he could hear the hoarse voices of the crew.

"Have we got to shift this stuff ashore tonight?" asked a voice.

"Every barrel o' it," answered another.

"I'll see the owners in h—l first," retorted the former.

"Hold your yap; the old man's heading this way," warned the second and silence ensued.

Three hours later Grant was grilled across the brace rods of a New York Central box car. He was now in the exact place and was headed for the destination contemplated twelve days before. The only change made in his program was that he traveled west instead of east. He would now be obliged to cross the continent and the Pacific in order to reach Australia, which was his goal. The peculiarity of the situation appealed to his humor.

As he rode toward Buffalo with the dust pounding upward in his face and powdering his wet clothing he thought of Anson. His flight from his detective friend had been fair above reproach. Had Anson purposely left him an opening he would have hesitated to avail himself of the privilege. He would now tramp his way and oppose his wits to that of the guardians of freight cars until danger of arrest lessened. There must be no third necessity for escape. He determined to guard his precious liberty by every possible means that might occur to a trained intellect or be demanded of trained muscle.

On board the liner Anson, some twenty minutes after Grant's escape, found his stateroom door unlocked and his prisoner gone. A thorough search that covered every foot of the ship was unavailing. The diningroom servants, after some probing, believed that they saw a man issue from that particular stateroom and go out the first door that led on the promenade deck. Being urged to give details of the man's appearance and dress they described a man each to their own liking. The articles of cloth-

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LET us prove our claims to you. Let us show you what a magnificent quality we are producing.

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Enclosed find $3.20 for which send me FOUR full quart bottles of Hayner Private Stock Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey—express paid—as per your offer. It is understood that if this whiskey is not found as represented and satisfactory to me in every way, it may be returned at your expense—and my $3.20 is to be promptly refunded. D-30

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Dayton, O., St. Louis, Mo., St. Paul, Minn., New Orleans, La., Jacksonville, Fla.
5 N Distillery at Troy, Ohio. Established 1866. Capital $500,000.00 Fully Paid.

$1 Worth of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Treatment FREE

It is a positive remedy for all Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Trouble, Gastritis, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Pressure of Gas around the Heart, Sour Stomach, Distress After Eating, Nervousness, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Constipation, Congested and Torpid Liver, Yellow Jaundice, Sick Headache and Gall Stones.

The above ailments are mainly caused by the clogging of the intestinal tract with mucoid and catarrhal accretions, backing up poisonous fluids into the stomach, and otherwise deranging the digestive system. I want every sufferer of any of these diseases to test this wonderful treatment. You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two before you will feel its great benefits—only one dose is usually required. I say emphatically it is a positive, permanent remedy and I will prove it to you if you will allow me to. I will send the complete $1.00 treatment to sufferers absolutely Free so you can try it in your own home at my expense.

The most eminent specialists declare that 75 per cent of the people who suffer from Stomach Trouble are suffering from Gall Stones. I firmly believe that this remedy is the only one in the world that will cure this disease. Sufferers of Stomach and Liver troubles and Gall Stones should not hesitate a moment, but send for this Free treatment at once. I would be pleased to send you the names of people who state they have been cured of various Stomach ailments and speaking the highest praise of this medicine. Just fill out the Coupon below—let me send you this wonderful treatment together with highly interesting literature, testimonials, etc. Don't suffer with agonizing pains—don't permit a dangerous surgical operation, which gives only temporary relief, when this medicine will permanently help you.

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A wonderful, startling, amazing action of mechanical and chemical forces. Puts fire out like magic. Used by United States Government. Tests have proved it one of the most astonishing inventions of modern times. One of those clever ideas that sell on sight. The man who represents us in your county is going to make a lot of real money. Edw. McGough, Ohio, writes "My profits figure $160 for week." E. J. Dirr, Mich, says "18 orders in one day—profit $2.50." One minute demonstration sells it—everywhere, in homes, offices, schools, factories, farm houses. It's easy because everybody lives in mortal fear of fire. Think how easy it starts, gasoline, oil, gas stoves explode every day—lamps tip over—children play with matches. Fires start in hundreds of unexpected ways. Before help arrives homes are burned—property destroyed—lives lost. Just a little blaze starts it. U. S. Fire Extinguisher prevents all this. Anybody can operate extinguisher—easy—simple. No danger. Harmless to everything but fire. Cuts cost of fire insurance. Try for the appointment. State time you can give to the work. Make $4,000 THIS YEAR Join our sales force. Be a top-notcher. We want men—a good live one in each county. If you write now you'll likely get the appointment. If you wait you might miss it.. Just a card will do. Write it now. Sign name and address plainly.

UNITED MFG. CO., 320 MILL STREET, LEIPSIC, OHIO.

ing enumerated would have lasted Grant a lifetime or have made a substantial beginning for a gent's furnishing establishment. All, however, agreed that the individual they saw wore no handcuffs.

“Must have filed them off,” declared the large-girthed captain.

“Where could he secure a file?” queried the detective.

The captain was silent.

“Must have had his irons on when he got out,” finally suggested Captain Wesale. “The waiters are too stupid to know but what this man they saw was ironclad. They don't recollect whether he wore a cap or a derby, a coat or ulster. They are blank on the [illegible] of whether he was one armed or [illegible] or had his hand concealed. I tell you your prisoner picked his lock, walked out and jumped overboard.”

“Not on your life,” declared the officer. “I know a coward when I see one. Grant was game through and through.”

“But he couldn't swim in handcuffs,” reminded the captain.

“No,” the detective admitted with clenched fist and troubled face, “he'd go down like lead.”

This extraordinary story will be continued in next week's Ledger. Strange things happen, read it. Watch the Ledger in the coming months and you will find in it some of the most interesting stories ever written. With every month we will try to give you a better and more entertaining paper, so if you are not already a subscriber, you better send in a year's subscription and have the Ledger regularly. Take our advice and attend to this today.

* * *

Tony Tripp's Adventures.

(Continued from page twenty-seven.)

minx out?” flashed Sam O'Dell. “By Jove! I'll do it myself, then.”

He bounded forward with the last word on his lips and seemed about to fall upon the frail girl with all his hulk.

“I'll go without force,” said she, as her face seemed to grow whiter than ever. “I can do nothing as against you two men, for you seem to have the law on your side.”

“Not the law, miss, but might,” cried Tony with flashing eyes. “The law is for the poor as well as the rich. Come, Mr. [illegible], you shall not eject this young girl,” and he deliberately stepped in front of her.

The big fellow grew white and his blustering suddenly ceased.

“I'll escort you into the hall, miss,” Tony continued gently to the young girl. “I hope you will be able to find the lost contract——”

“I verily believe it was stolen,” was the reply, and the next moment the boy from Allaback's had escorted the firm's unwelcome visitor from the room.

“You're very kind,” she said, looking into Tony's face. “You are so different from those men in there. I hope you're no relative of theirs.”

Tony blushed but did not speak.

“My name is Vesta Moore and we live at No. 101 Pineapple Street. We're poor, but mother was rich in the possession of the jewels which she would not sell, but now they're gone. Those people in there,” and she nodded towards the office, “know that they have no right to keep the gems.”

Half a minute later the girl had gone down the stairs—she did not take the elevator—and Tony went back.

As he was passing to his accustomed seat he was hailed by his uncle, at sound of whose voice he crossed over to his desk.

“Tony,” said Jasper Sharp, “we've decided that we can dispense with help. I will give you money to take you back to New Jersey. I will write your mother full particulars, and——”

“I'll write her myself!” interrupted Tony, as his gaze shot suddenly in Sam O'Dell's direction. “I believe I could continue to serve you, Uncle Jasper, but I must say that you have a first-class rascal for a partner.”

There came a curse and a growl from Sam O'Dell's corner, but Tony did not back down.

“I'm not going back home, Uncle Jasper,” he went on. “I intend to remain in New York and fight my own battles. You've paid me in full to date and owe me nothing. Good morning!”

And while the two men stared at the boy from Allaback's he crossed the threshold of the broker's office and vanished.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this remarkable story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

* * *

Like Teacher Didn't Have.

Little Lizzie said to her teacher, “Have you got a little yellow hen?”

“No,” replied the teacher, “I haven't a little yellow hen.”

“Well,” said Lizzie proudly, “my little yellow hen, like you hain't got, laid an egg this morning.”

Saw the Bright Side.

He is short and stooky, and there is no tinge of “white” blood in his veins. He is a true descendant of some African ancestor. He has passed from grade to grade in the public schools until he is rather well along in age and grades, although not so in education. The teacher's name has no Smith, Brown or Jones connection, so “Miss Jones” will do as well as any other. After several after-school sessions with the boy with exhibitions of kindness, patience and all the other virtues, Miss Jones thought she would see what scolding would do. As she expressed it, she “lit into him.”

“Don't you know you ought to study and try to learn?” said she.

“Yes, Miss Jones,” he replied meekly and in a monotonous tone.

“Don't you know you ought to study at home in the evening and see if you can get these lessons?”

“Yes, Miss Jones,” he replied meekly voice, and she felt compunction of conscience that she had scolded him. Then he continued.

“I do study at home in the evening. Sometimes I sit up till 10 o'clock studying. Long after the family goes to bed.” Then Miss Jones felt worse than ever.

“Don't you know I am giving you a great deal more time than I give the others in the class?” she asked.

“Yes, Miss Jones,” came the same meek voice and the big round eyes looked bigger and more patient.

“What do you suppose those children will think, if I do so much more for you than I do for them?” she asked, hoping to show him that he was getting more than he should from a teacher that had a large class.

“I guess they'll think I'm the teacher's pet,” said he.

* * *

An Inventive Genius.

“That man once invented a great labor-saving device that he expected to make him rich, but his hopes all came to nothing.”

“What was it?”

“It was a contrivance for riveting little knobs upon the stingers of honey bees, thus rendering them harmless. He got his idea from seeing a cow with knobs on her horns to prevent her from goring.”

“Why was it that his invention didn't pan out?”

“That was the strange part of it. You see, bees are queer things. As soon as he would get his little knob fastened upon the stinger of the bee the blamed thing would just sit around, tapping on the floor of the hive with it. Before he had completed his invention no bee had ever been able to make a noise of that kind. Well, sir, all the bees seemed to give up their ambition as honey gatherers, and there they would sit, proudly drumming upon the floor of the hive, hour after hour, while the bees that didn't wear knobs would hang around listening, instead of going about their business. So he had to give it up; but I understand that he's working on a new thing which he expects to turn out much better.”

“What is it?”

“It's a machine for fastening fish scales together so they can be used in stove doors in the place of isinglass.”

* * *

Cause for Anger.

It was a woman in the case again. It happened in Cincinnati, too. A young woman fell heir to a vast estate made up of a good deal of hard cash. She was a poor girl—that was before she fell heir to the estate. She had no knowledge of banking and no idea of business.

She began to blow herself. She put part of the money in each bank. Money flies, as every one knows. One day she received notice from the bank which read as follows:

“Your account is overdrawn.”

She bustled down to the bank in a rage and approached the teller.

“There surely is some mistake,” said the demure maiden. “Don't you see that only half of the check book is used.”

* * *

A Simple Request.

“What are you going to tell the people when you get home?”

“Nothing,” replied Senator Sorghum. “And all that I ask is that they'll reciprocate and not start in telling me things.”

* * *

We have spare rib and apple sauce in the fall—just as Adam and Eve did.

To Every Woman in America

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I will tell you why.

Harriet Richards will be honest with you.

My mission is to make sick women well, and I want to send **you, your daughter, your sister, your mother,** or any ailing **friend,** a full 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound **absolutely free.** It is a remedy for the treatment of woman's ailments, and I want to tell you **all about** it—just how to use it yourself—right at home without any inconvenience—and the best of it is that it will not in the least interfere with your work or pleasure. Balm of Figs Compound is a remedy that has made sick women well and weak women strong, and I can prove it—**let me prove it to you,** and I will gladly do it, for I have never heard of anything that has, according to the abundance of testimonials at hand, so **quickly** and **surely cured** women's ailments. **No internal** dosing necessary—it is a **local treatment,** yet it has to its credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore I want to place it in the hands of every woman suffering with any form of Leucorrhea, Painful Periods, Ulceration, Inflammation, Displacement or falling of the Womb, Ovarian or Uterine Tumors, Growths, or any of the weaknesses so common to women, and I will send you

This Fifty-Cent Box of Balm of Figs Compound Absolutely FREE

I will send it to you **absolutely free,** to prove to you its splendid qualities, and then if you wish to continue further, it will cost you only a few cents a week. I do not believe there is another remedy equal to Balm of Figs Compound and am willing to **prove** my faith by sending out these **50-cent boxes free.** Yes, dear reader, irrespective of your past experience, write to me **at once, to-day,** and I will send you the treatment **entirely free** by return mail, and if you so desire, I can readily refer you to many who can personally testify to the great and lasting cures that have resulted from the use of this remedy. But, after all, the **very best test** of anything is a **personal trial** of it, and I know a 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound will **convince you** of its merits. Nothing is so convincing as the **actual test** of the article itself. **Will you** give Balm of Figs Compound this test? Write to me to-day and remember, if you will simply fill out the attached coupon and return it to me, I will gladly send you a Fifty-cent Box of Balm of Figs Compound **absolutely FREE** for the asking, or if you prefer to write a letter you can address me in all confidence.

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SPECIAL BOX C 247, - - JOLIET, ILLINOIS

Note: I will also send you free our book entitled “A Perfect Woman.” This book should be in the hands of every woman and will prove of great benefit to all who receive it. I want you to have one. H. M. R.

COUPON

Mrs. Harriet M. Richards,
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Dear Mrs. Richards:—As I am in need of a remedy like Balm of Figs Compound, I will be pleased to have you send me—free of any cost—one fifty-cent box by return mail.

Name ....

Address..

....

ELLSWORTH YOUNG

FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

UNDER THE EVENING LAMP.

"Daddy, where does the summertime go!"
"Go, ask your ma!"
"What would we have if we didn't have snow?"
"Go ask ma!"
"How do they put all the pits into plums?
Santa Claus makes all the dollies and drums,
Don't he pa? Why ain't our fingers all thumbs?"
"Go ask ma!"

"Why is the pigs tails all twisty and curled?"
"Go ask ma!"
"Why don't we never fall off of the world?"
"Go ask ma!"
"Don't people never breathe nothin' but air?
Where does the shadows go, up on the stair?
When there ain't nothin' for nobody there?"
"Go ask ma!"

"Didn't they never have parents at all?"
"Go ask ma!"
"Didn't they never have parents at all?"
"Go, ask your ma!"
"How did it happen that you come to stay
Here in our home with ma every day?
Which of you started it, anyway? Say?"
"Go, ask your ma!"

Time of Day.

When two clocks near together do not agree in pointing out the same time, it is pretty certain that neither of them is right. Yet three clocks are sometimes to be seen ranged in a line, each one showing a different hour and each one correct. This sounds queer until one learns that there is more than one correct way of keeping time.

One way is by the sun, but because the sun rises earlier or later according as one goes east or west. this method is not of ordinary value. Everybody would be using a different time. So "standard time belts" have been marked off on the country. The people in the Atlantic States have agreed to keep their clocks one hour ahead of those in the prairie country. The Rocky Mountain people are one hour slower in reckoning time than the prairie folk, and the Pacific States are still another hour behind. But the time belts are not made out on straight lines, and so it happens that, for instance, Stillwater, Nev., which sees the sun rise above the horizon almost an hour later than does Deming, N. M., nevertheless sets its clocks a full hour earlier than the timepieces at Deming.

This "standard time" is kept by one of three clocks that are sometimes seen in a scientist's workroom, and the sun time, or "solar time," is kept by another. A third clock, used by astronomers, records star time, or "sidereal time." Twice a year, in the spring and autumn when the sun crosses the equator, sidereal time and solar time are the same. But the stars gain on the sun one day a year, as it seems to us that look at the sky without knowing what we see. Therefore, the sidereal clock runs a little faster than its neighbors.

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

"I suppose your little brother always takes your part," said the visitor to small Dorothy.

"Yes, ma'am," was the reply. "He always does when mamma gives us cake."

Small Elmer had fallen into a pond and a man had rescued him.

"I'm awful glad you pulled me out," said Elmer, "for mamma would have fussed like everything if I had drowned."

"Move lively, now!" said the grocer to the new boy. "We must have snap in this establishment."

"Well," rejoined the boy, "if a feller my size at $2 a week ain't a snap, I don't know what is."

Grandma—Why don't you play with a little girl who lives across the street, Nettie?

Nettie (aged 6)—But, grandma, you surely don't want me to play with a girl who lives in a frame house! I only play with brown-stone front girls.

A Slow Whale.

Whales are always getting in the way. Their mothers ought to teach them to keep out of the paths of ocean travel, and it is quite possible that the mothers do try, but young whales are like young humans, and they do not always do what their mothers tell them they should do. There is one whale that wishes he had kept out of the way. He was run into by an ocean steamer. It was the fruit steamer San Jose, which reached Boston the other day from Costa Rica. The boat met the whale near the island of Jamaica, where the ginger comes from. The passengers were all overjoyed at the news when the lookout shouted that there was a whale directly in the path of the vessel. They all crowded to the bows so that they could see him and laugh at him when he decided to get out of the way. But he was slow in deciding. He lay still. The steamer kept on until it was too late to change the course. She crashed into the side of the lazy monster and he awoke hurriedly. The sharp bow cut into the whale's side and there was a shock that was felt through the length of the steamer. Then the whale, struggling and writhing in pain, sank beneath the surface while the water reddened with his blood.

For Boys.

The word "Jack" is applied to any contrivance that does the work of a boy or servant. In French the name "Jacques" is a term used for a youth of menial condition. The term "country jake" is of kindred sense. Jack-lord, Jack-a-napes, Jack Tar, Jack-o-Lantern, Black Jack, Jack Rabbit, the term Jack applied to the knave in playing-cards, Jack-in-the-box, and Jack-of-all-trades, show the derivative meaning. Hence, Jack-knife means a boy's knife.

In early days the jack-knife headed the list of a boy's toys and, with his skates, gave him the greatest pleasure. His skates were made of—what do you suppose? Beef bones, fastened to the soles of his feet! The boys pushed themselves on the ice by means of poles shod with sharp iron points.

THE TURKEY.

"The turkey has some useful things,
Including feathers, neck and wings,
And white meat, dark meat, wishbone, legs,
And stuffing, side-bone, gizzard, eggs.
She does the very best she's able
To make us satisfied at table."

ROUND THE H

'Round and 'round the
Nursie said, and she m
If I took my little bro
Went out in the fearfu
Ran and ran, oh, very
I should surely meet a
One who loved me, love
I'm so scared, and yet
Want some one to love
Daddy says, "Too busy
And there's only just u
How the wind cries in
Mercy! What can that
I'm so tired. Oh, what
Just Miss Allen's old
Here comes some one.
Do you love your little
Then the trick came R

And we may have occa today because of the thing to do yesterday.

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All Full Size Pie

Here is a lifetime opportunity whereby every woman in the United can get this handsome, expensive, 7-piece Bed Set, ***Absolutely Free.*** This Be consists of 2 Blankets, 2 Bleached Sheets, 2 Bleached Pillow Cases and 1 large, Bed Spread—7 full size pieces in all. All we ask is, that you sell a few cans Perfection Baking Powder and the Bed Set is yours. You can realize how easily with what little effort you can do this, for a full siz glass pattern pitcher and 6 glasses are included with eac of Baking Powder, etc., in our Offer No. 420. But t not all. To every lady who sends in her name and ad right away, we will give, in addition, as a Special Pre ***Absolutely Free,*** the handsomely designed 8-piece Blue Flemish High Art Toilet Set, described below, wit order. You can't realize what a big offer this is unti see these beautiful premiums.

8-Piece Toilet Set Free

We are determined to push our Baking Powder to the front; and to get you to help us we will send with your first order this handsome Royal Blue Flemish High Art 8-Piece Toilet Set and it will not cost you a penny. Remember, we will send you the Toilet Set in addition to the Bed Set. This Toilet Set consists of 1 Large Water Pitcher, 1 Wash Bowl, 1 Small Water Pitcher, 1 Slop Jar and 1 Cover for same. 1 Tooth Brush Holder, 1 Chamber and 1 Soap Dish—8 pieces in all, and each piece handsomely tinted and embossed. We have but a few hundred of these Sets on hand, so we urge you to write quick if you want one.

No Money Necessary

You risk absolutely nothing. We pay all freight charges you the Baking Powder, send your Premium with the Baking Po and also send the Glass Pitcher and 6 Glasses all together, and

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